

# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 14, 1963 25 CENTS

**PHIL RODGERS**  
**THE BRASHEST**  
**MAN IN GOLF**



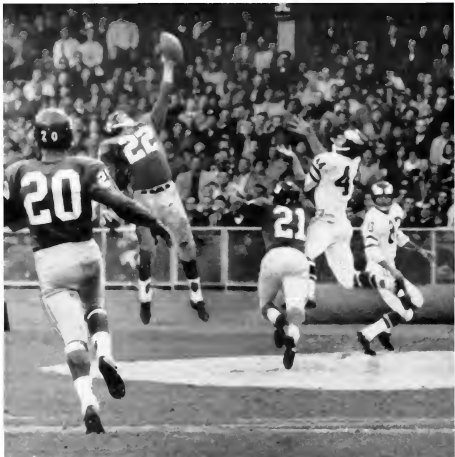
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## HEADS UP PLAY

Dick Lynch (22), Giant defensive back, makes key end zone interception of an Eagle pass intended for Pete Retzlaff (44), November 12, 1961. The Giants won 38-21.

## HEADS UP LOOK



Dick Lynch knows greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. But Vitalis keeps his hair neat all day without grease. Naturally—it has V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. You can't see or feel any grease. But what a job it does!



**VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE**



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## Next week

**THE GOLDEN CHASE** is on as pro golf opens its richest season and renews a great duel—Arnold Palmer vs. Jack Nicklaus. How the top players may fare is explored by Alfred Wright.

**THE RESORT SEASON** now under way, finds many an Eden overrun with tourists. For adventurous sun-seekers, we present a special, 30-page guide to paradises as yet undiscovered.

**MILLIONAIRES ABOUND** in Texas, but none of the others can match the combination of sporting interests and business acumen in Clint Murchison Jr., described by Joe David Brown.



# SHOPWALK

Let lilacs bloom on the poop deck, and enjoy suburban living on the water

The dedicated on should we sail? I don't call—owner of a cruising boat of 25 feet or under happily puts up with all manner of hardship and discomfort in the name of sport. Two halfwits, cramped galleys, brackish water and stifling atmosphere all make him feel like a lamentable Fletcher Christian. Yanked from the snug, airconditioned security of his suburban split-level bungalow, his crew (i.e., wife) may feel differently about the matter.

She has two choices to follow. One, outright nitpicks. The other, an appeal to the skipper's pride of ownership in bringing their seaway home up-to-date by equipping him to a wealth of new products designed to add comfort to cruising. A very modest investment can transform an atmosphere of grim endurance into one of serene enjoyment. Wall-to-wall carpeting is of course impractical in any boat much smaller than the *Camardo de Lora*, but some of the same effect plus safety can be had with antiskid vinyl flooring, either Armstrong Cork's Decortan or the B.E. Grinnick Korvical, which is vinyl asbestos and fire retardant. For high gloss lumbagoes there are commercial slip-resistant waves as reliable. Shipboard plumbing can be a nightmare of complexity subject to constant breakdown, yet a boat without a head can be even more nightmarish. The Hull-Hed marine toilet is an easily installed unit which requires a minimum of cabin room. It uses air pressure to flush with water in three seconds and needs only one through hull opening. Company officials at 605-598-50.

For the homesteader used to a well-planned suburban kitchen, the small boat galley is just another variation of the kitchen, albeit her. Yet it too can be made inviting and usable with compact stoves, light fixtures and well-chosen double-duty utensils. A refrigerator costing only \$339.95 (the price of a refrigerator even like the featured gulf ship) can get her out of her prison cranks and make her a gracious hostess in a warm, breezy cockpit. The Aquasalt II Q is an advanced chlorinated bromine that fits into one of the stern flange sockets. A working deck, not board for safety and cleanliness, and the grill swings aboard for serving. To complete the job, just outfit the grill and the fire switch, grommets and the sea. (Make sure, however, that your boat is headed up with).

Since Fletcher Christian's own time, boat before, a supply of fresh water has been the sailor's first concern. Built in with a reliable, built-in bilobility, when full they require, billes to prevent dangerous weight

Continued



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## SHOPWALK continued

shifts, when empty—they are useless. Since there is an inexhaustible supply of water just outside the hull, the ideal method is to pump it in, purify it and store only a minimum amount. American Machine & Foundry now markets the first small-boat water distillation plant, a compact, 55-pound unit, called Aquafresh, which can distill nine gallons of water an hour. The model VJ.5 costs \$795 and uses waste heat from the engine's water cooling system. Since it operates in a vacuum, it needs only 110°-115° to boil the water. The smallest model is only 15½ inches in diameter and 22½ inches high, but there are larger models which produce up to 75 gallons per hour.

Constant fresh water is not enough. The modern housewife must have it hot. One step up to civilized living is a tankless water heater that operates on gas or kerosene. This type heats the water passing through but cannot store it, and there are many varieties: Junkers and Asco, which are wall-mountable, for about \$90, and the Landam instant water heater, which is an electric \$27.50 unit fitting right on the faucet. The ultimate luxury is, of course, a heater plus storage tank. The Galley Maid uses engine-circulating water to heat domestic water and then stores it in tanks. The copper-encrusted tanks with U-tube coil come in five- and ten-gallon sizes (\$121 to \$146).

To avoid galley acrobatics the sensible ship's cook prepares many of her major meals ashore. Ragout, pot roast, fried chicken, fish stew are even improved by reheating aboard. The advantages of an adequate icebox, however, are not lessened by prefabricated meals. Butter, milk, the ubiquitous egg and the luxury of an iced drink can help put the pleasure back into boating. Crestmont Manufacturing now makes 11 models of portable ice coolers ranging from \$11.90 to \$45.90, including the bench type with upholstered top which doubles as a seat. Ice should be stored in large chunks and food stored in plastic bags or containers with tight lids. A canvas ice bag with handles is a welcome accessory. And for those moments when the cooking and the cleaning are over, there are miniature TVs by SONY (\$229.95) that would be an ornament in any conversation pit. Or, for the housewife whose taste runs to literature, there are new and handy reading lights. The novel two-way Cordless Table Lamp by Kochler Manufacturing can be used on its own dry battery or can be plugged into 110-volt dockside power, using the attachable cord. The lamp complete is \$15.95, and replacement batteries are \$2.75.

With his handy combination mate-cook-deck swab and bottle washer this rendered content in front of Perry Mason or curled up with Louis Ruler, the small-boat skipper will find increased time to put his mind to skippering, and there are gadgets in the stores

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**'63**

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today that guarantee to give him a competence in navigation beyond Fletcher Christian's wildest dreams. The radio direction finder, for instance—a small radio receiving set which has a pivoting, directional loop antenna to give him an accurate bearing on shore stations. The more advanced models cost \$600, but the suburban do-it-yourselfer can get a sensitive, high-performance instrument for only \$109.95 in a kit from the Heath Company. You don't need a degree in electrical engineering to put it together, just a screwdriver and a soldering iron. And there is the added satisfaction in the fact that having done so, you feel like Marconi himself.

An echo sounder, or depth finder, measures the depth of the water by giving the time taken for a high frequency sound to reach bottom and back. It will also show objects in between (such as schools of fish) by giving two blips, one for the bottom and one for the fish. The small-boat owner can make a modest unit for \$69.95 from Heathkit kit No. MI-11. It shows to 200 feet on hard bottom, 100 feet on soft mud and can be powered by a 12-volt shipboard battery to save its nine internal flashlight batteries for emergency. More precise instruments are available at a price. Raytheon has put out a new sounder and recorder for \$650 (ready-made), the DE-707A, which will make a permanent graph of the bottom on either a 300-foot or 100-fathom scale.

One thing the suburban housewife cannot escape at sea is the weather, and she would do well to prepare for it properly. In choosing foul-weather gear let comfort rather than vanity be your guide. Nothing is becoming on misery. Have sizes large enough to cover several inner layers. Be sure it is waterproof and not just water resistant. Fasteners at throat, wrists and ankles should be easy to handle, adjustable and firmly secured to the material. Elastic at the wrists and drawstrings at the ankles is more satisfactory than snaps. Pockets are desirable, provided they have a flap top. The Stormbeater (\$28) is nylon coated with Herculite, giving long-lasting protection against wind and water. The pullover jacket has a drawstring parka hood and rustproof zipper opening backed by a gusset and snap fastener at the neck. Wrists are elastic, bottom of the jacket, waist and ankles of the pants are drawstring. Footwear should have antiskid soles and be of durable, fast-drying canvas.

Thrill is an admirable quality, but thrill tempered with common sense is even better. Halfway measures are quickly regretted when you are only halfway dry and warm. The few extra dollars spent ashore to equip your boat with the amenities of civilized living will be well returned in days of complete comfort at sea.

While it may not have an attic or a sunken living room, the seagoing suburban house does have advantages; 99.44/100%; like being at home—and it floats.

—MARY JANE HODGES



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Events through March

### JANUARY 12-20

National Motor Boat Show, Coliseum, New York City.

### FEBRUARY 1-9

Canadian Boat Show, Automotive Building, Exhibition Park, Toronto.

### FEBRUARY 1-10

New Jersey Boat Show, Delaware Valley Garden, Cherry Hill Township, N.J.

### FEBRUARY 10-19

Boatarama of '63, Civic Auditorium Exhibition Hall, Jacksonville.

### FEBRUARY 10-17

Marine Recreation Boat Show, Island Garden, West Hempstead, N.Y.

### FEBRUARY 11-19

Sports, Boat & Outdoor Show, Pennsylvania Farm Show Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.

### FEBRUARY 12-20

Miami International Boat Show, Dinner Key Auditorium, Miami.

### FEBRUARY 18-24

International Boat & Sports Show, D.C. Armory, Washington.  
Jersey Coast Boat Show, Convention Hall, Boardwalk, Asbury Park, N.J.  
New England Boat Show, Commonwealth Armory, Boston.

### FEBRUARY 27-MARCH 4

Chesapeake Bay Boat Show, Fifth Regiment Armory, Baltimore.

### MARCH 1-9

Philadelphia Motor Boat & Sportsmen's Show, Convention Hall, Philadelphia.

### MARCH 2-10

Buffalo Boat, Travel & Sports Show, Masten Avenue Armory, Buffalo.  
Long Island Boat & Sportsmen's Show, Jamaica Armory, Jamaica, N.Y.

### MARCH 9-17

Pittsburgh Boat, Sports & Travel Show, Hunt Armory, Pittsburgh.  
Rochester Sport & Boat Show, Community War Memorial, Rochester.

### MARCH 12-17

Southeast Boat, Sports & Vacation Show, Municipal Auditorium, Atlanta.

### MARCH 13-17


Virginia Motor Boat & Sports Show, Arena, Richmond.

### MARCH 21-24

Major Boat Show, Fort Homer Hesterly Armory, Tampa.

### MARCH 29-31

Westchester Boat & Marine Show, Westchester County Center, White Plains, N.Y.



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Opposite page: OMC 17 Dual Deluxe A — OMC 17 Deluxe B — OMC 17 Seasport C — OMC 17 Custom



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# SCORECARD

## THE GUNS OF JANUARY

The "coalition" agreement accepted by representatives of the warring AAU and NCAA, after meeting with Attorney General Kennedy, has collapsed because 1) what the AAU thought it had agreed to was not the same as what the NCAA thought it had agreed to and vice versa; 2) the representative of the NAIA, the small-college group which also was a party to the near-agreement, did not obtain his association's endorsement of the coalition plan; 3) the AAU at its convention refused to approve an important part of the agreement specifying that after the 1964 Olympics the coalition, instead of the AAU, could apply for representation in the International Amateur Athletic Federation, the world governing body for track and field, the most important sport at stake in the feud.

The breakdown seems to have led to a hardening of negotiating attitudes and to an unseemly exchange of vituperation, most of the latter emanating from the AAU. Now General Douglas MacArthur has agreed to arbitrate the dispute. We hope he can obtain the same kind of reasonable compromise that Robert Kennedy almost secured—but that he will do better than the Attorney General by making his compromise stick.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

- Sam Huff, New York Giant linebacker, is thinking of quitting after one more season although he is only 28 years old. Huff has a good year-round connection as a fabric salesman and works as an ABC radio commentator on the side.
- Ray Mears, Tennessee basketball coach, has been forced to leave his team again because of illness. It is doubtful that he will return this season. Bill Gibbs, assistant coach, has taken over.
- If Buddy Rader decides to quit coaching the Pittsburgh Steelers, which seems likely, the next head coach will be Harry Gilmer, former Alabama All-America and now backfield coach of the Minnesota Vikings.

• Sandy Koufax and his doctors claim that the Los Angeles pitcher's finger is "nearly normal" again, but the Dodger brass is waiting anxiously for spring training to see what happens when Koufax throws his fast ball and exerts direct pressure on the index finger.

- Arthur C. Allyn of the Chicago White Sox is thinking of putting an American Football League team in Comiskey Park, and George Halas of the Chicago Bears is worried. Comiskey Park has a seating capacity of 46,550 compared to 36,755 at Wrigley Field, where the Bears play.
- Bill Sharman, former Boston Celtic star, is high on Walt Hazzard, UCLA guard, whom he compares to Bob Cousy. "Hazzard can make any pro basketball club," says Sharman.

## PAY TV, NO

New York publicity man Eddie Jaffe insisted last week that the next National Football League championship game will be shown on nationwide, closed-circuit theater TV. "NBC got this year's game for \$650,000," said Jaffe. "There are a number of closed-circuit groups who will bid over a million for it." But NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle stated, "We didn't have closed-circuit theater TV this year and we won't have it next year and we won't have it in 1964 or the year after that or the year after that. We want the game to have national exposure." Jaffe replied, "I don't care what Rozelle says. The players want it. It could gross three to four million."

## REDS SAFE AT HOME

The late Powel Crosley, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, probably wanted more than anything the perpetuation of his baseball team as a Cincinnati institution. In these days of franchise transfers it was no sure thing. Now his wish is safe for at least 10 years.

After long and embittered negotiation, in which charges of "politics" and worse were expressed, trustees of the Powel Crosley Foundation okayed the sale of the club to Bill DeWitt for \$4,625,000. DeWitt agreed to put four prominent

Cincinnatians on his board of directors, and they represent the balance of power on the board. More important, DeWitt also agreed to keep the Reds in Cincinnati for at least 10 years. He has, in effect, just about consented to make the Reds something of a "civic enterprise."

## FAIR IS FAIR

A note from Albuquerque reads, "According to UPI, an eagle attacked a Volkswagen near Melrose, N. Mex., broke its windshield and clawed two rabbit hunters inside. Conservation should work two ways. I think SCORECARD should remind all eagles that Volkswagens are a protected species."

## FIVE GOOD MEN

The Infle Professional Tennis, Inc. may sound like a union formed by the touring pros. It is not a union and the touring pros have nothing to do with it. PTI is an organization dreamed up by five northern California teaching pros, who, after listening all these years to the whining and bickering about who's to blame for the sad plight of our Davis Cup



teams, have made a positive move. The five men (Dick Stevens, Tom Stowe, Chet Murphy, Fred Earl and John Gardiner) have been joined by 22 other teaching pros from the same area and have formulated this plan. Seventh-grade boys from a yet undetermined number of schools will be given a series of skill tests. Those showing the highest promise will receive free formal instruction. After considerable training, the boys and the pros will hold a two-day tourney at Carmel in the spring. The most promising boys appearing in the



tourney will go on to even more intensive instruction. In this way PTI hopes to develop top-ranking junior players and—even more important—establish a continuing development program.

The Wilson Company has donated 50 rackets as a start and the Converse Rubber Company three dozen pairs of shoes. Other gear will be bought with money donated by people who like the PTI idea.

We think PTI's program should be countrywide. Tennis, everyone!

#### POOR KID

Here's another Texas story, this one told by George Dolan in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. A girls' riding team, the Possum Kingdom Drillettes, was going to the Santa Rosa Roundup celebration. The girls had to pay \$4 each to have their horses transported by truck. Bob Burrell of Graham was collecting the trucking fee when he found one of the youngsters in tears. "Don't worry, honey," Burrell told her. "If you can't raise the \$4, we'll manage some way."

"It ain't that," the young lady sobbed. "I can't find anybody who has change for a fifty."

#### IT'S NOT THE HUMIDITY

The Finnish sauna bath, which dates back to prehistoric times, is beginning to boom in America. In California, where booms are usually biggest, the sauna is moving into the realm of the commonplace. Drivers at the Elwell Trucking Company take saunas after work. No California motel is worth its swimming pool without a sauna. In northern California the number of sauna baths taken each month has increased from 500 to 50,000 in three years.

Sauna is a dry-heat bath—so dry that the bather who wilts at 130° in a steam bath can sit or lie in a sauna at temperatures ranging up to 250° or more. Bathing can be private or communal; most saunas made and sold for home or institutional use average about seven feet square, which is room enough for three or four persons. The approved procedure is two 10-to-15-minute sessions, interrupted by a shower (or, in the Finnish tradition, a roll in the snow in the nude, where snow and neighbors permit), followed by another shower and a rest. Saunas are not weight reducers or cure-alls, but they are marvelously relaxing and, paradoxically, invigorating.

Prices start at \$1,500 for a do-it-yourself kit that includes both the special dehumidifier/heater and the bathhouse.

Most saunas are in clubs or institutions, but sales to individuals are climbing at such a pace that retail outlets are starting to feature saunas. Be the first in your neighborhood. . . .

#### FISH TAIL

Rim Ditch is a 100-foot-wide flood-control canal near Stuart, Fla. Its brackish waters rarely offer more than an occasional largemouth bass or snook. Recently the ditch offered something much better: a huge tarpon, dubbed "The Thing" by one awed angler. The tarpon was for three months last fall the target of countless fishermen who flailed the waters of Rim Ditch with everything from live pinfish and strip mullet to bucktails, plugs and even homemade lures. The Thing ignored them all.

Then along came Ed Kulisek, a retired postal supervisor from Cleveland, plugging for snook with light spinning tackle and 15-pound test monofilament line. And what happened? Why, Kulisek accidentally snagged The Thing in the tail. A big tarpon so hooked would normally have to snap its powerful forked tail just once to break a line or throw a plug in a shower of spray. But somehow the hooks remained imbedded in The Thing's tail, and by applying constant pressure on the fish, Kulisek was able to prevent it from jumping. Even so, he fought it from the bank for half an hour and then clambered into a boat to continue the battle. When the tarpon finally was boated two hours later, Kulisek found he wasn't the first to foul hook it: another plug was stuck in the fish's dorsal fin.

The Thing weighed 180 pounds 12 ounces, a world record for 12- to 20-pound test line. But The Thing won't make the record book, not because it was caught by the tail, but because Kulisek's plug was equipped with treble hooks. The International Game Fish Association doesn't recognize catches made on more than one hook.

#### THEY SAID IT

- A New Hampshire basketball fan after Davidson College routed his team 115-54: "Our biggest trouble is that we had a real poor season last year and most of our players returned."
- Y. A. Tittle, bald New York Giant, on slender, 175-pound Del Shofner: "If Del Shofner can tell how to build a body 12 ways in a bread commercial, I'm going to hire out to a hair tonic."
- Frank Gifford, on Green Bay Coach

continued

## Is your face red?

chapped? chafed?  
razor-sore?

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THE  
**HOMESTEAD**  
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia

### SCORECARD

Vince Lombardi's devoted study of football films. "Why, he has 16-millimeter eyeballs."

• Alabama Coach Paul Bryant, after being called a "whip-cracking, narrow-minded tyrant" by a Miami newspaper when he arrived in that city for the Orange Bowl game. "These last two years at Alabama should have been my happiest. But if this is the price of success, I don't know whether it's worth it."

### AN ADDED BURDEN

Horseplayers have a lot of things to figure, including the interest on their personal loans. Now, a new burden has been placed on generally feeble minds. *The Morning Telegraph*, the horseplayers' Koran, began us of the first of the year, when all racehorses automatically become a year older, a new system. Instead of telling you the age of the horse, the past performance chart now contains in parentheses the year of his birth. What with figuring whether a horse can go a distance or tires, whether he dislikes mud, slop or sunshine and whether he can carry weight, a horseplayer is a busy man. He needs all the help he can get, and he shouldn't be asked by his statistical friend to figure quickly that a horse born in 1954 is now 9 years old. That's too much weight for age.

### LOUIE DIOGENES

New York cabbies are constantly being criticized for fleecing gullible passengers, sneering at small tips, growling at passengers and cops and other cabbies and generally doing what they can to keep the world an unpleasant place. But don't try to tell this to a New Yorker named—oh, let's call him Bill Jones. One night late in December, Jones carelessly left an envelope containing two treasured tickets to the Green Bay Packers-New York Giants playoff game in a cab. Scalpers were getting \$50 to \$100 a ticket, and when Jones discovered his loss he gnashed his teeth and accepted the fact that there would be at least one affluent cabbie in New York the next day. But when Jones went morosely to work in the morning, there on his desk was the envelope with the tickets. The cabbie had found the envelope, which had Jones's name on it, remembered where he had picked him up, went back to the building, asked the maintenance people if they knew where Bill Jones's office was and left the envelope on his desk. **END**

## "I am your Servant!"



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If you haven't already decided on a Full Service bank as your "financial partner," it isn't too early to start right now.



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**Sports  
Illustrated**

JANUARY 14, 1963

# MILLENNIUM FOR U.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEEN GERDES



# SKI RACING

At long last the U.S. Ski Association moves to give America's best young racers the kind of training they need to compete on equal terms against European stars by ARTHUR ZICH



CONTINUED

## "IT'S GOING TO SHOW WHEN WE GET TO INNSBRUCK"

**O**n the cold summit of the mountain at Vail, Colo., the air was still as glass. The snow crunched as a ski instructor glided off the chair lift and skated to the head of one of the trails. There he stopped and hung a small sign on a line across the head of the run. Its message: "Closed for Race Practice."

These four words announced, as dramatically as a Broadway marquee, the opening of a new era in American competitive skiing. The trail was indeed closed to recreational skiing. But it was wide open to a special kind of racing. For the first time on American slopes, an Olympic Alpine training camp was being conducted. Better yet, it was being conducted more than a year before the opening of the 1964 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck, so that the best young racers could learn and be remembered by the Olympic coaches before the U.S. team tryouts reach their climax in early spring. Best of all, it was well conducted. And about time.

"These kids are learning here," said Bob Beattie, U.S. Olympic ski coach, a roaring, hoarse-voiced blond who thinks in positive platitudes. "You can't win a race if you think you're coming in fourth. That's what we're here to build, and it's going to show up in Innsbruck next year when the old U.S.A. gets there."

It began to show up last winter when Beattie led a very young team on a swing through the European circuit, climaxed by the Fédération Internationale de Ski world championships in Chamonix. When that team first took off it was, in the great tradition of U.S. ski racing, underorganized (the competitors had never raced together), undertrained (the youngsters had paid their way to an informal camp in Boulder, Colo.) and underfinanced (they had not enough money to get back from Europe). As a result, the racing stables of the Alpine nations were barely able to conceal their amusement at the impoverished, immature U.S. team.

For the Europeans, it was a mistake. Beattie, winking his platitudes ("When the going gets tough, the tough get tougher") with astonishing effect, got a rousing performance from his racers. They won seven major events and finished third behind Austria and France in the world championships. Suddenly, the U.S. was an international ski power, and the racers began to think as positively as their coach.

"The biggest thing we learned at Chamonix," said Chuck Farnes, the late 25-year-old who snatched the prestigious Hahnenkamm slalom title from the Austrians, "was that those guys really could be beaten."

While Farnes was learning this basic lesson, back in the States something else very basic was happening. The U.S. Ski Association was acquiring money—and a home—for its team. Ralph Des Roches, chairman of the American International Ski Competitions Fund, somehow hypnotized hundreds of people into giving money. By the time he was through, the team had \$90,000 to meet \$65,000 in expenses; the extra \$25,000 was carried forward to the current year.

Since then the AISCF has come into more money, the

*continued*





*Looking pert and pretty despite crash helmet and bulky racing goggles, Virginia Bivins (right), Mt. Shasta, Calif., challenges at top of downhill course, while Eleanor Bennett, St. Regis, Mont., waits to start down with her.*

*Practicing racer's crouch, Jack Turturici, San Carlos, Calif., booms down Vail course on first day. Later, unhappy at poor snow conditions, he left for home, the only one of 73 candidates who failed to stay full two weeks.*





## SKI RACING

*With the brilliant winter sun so far back, Barbara Fernes, best of the gut racers at the Olympic training camp, dives through a slalom gate on a practice run.*

*At a twist party on Christmas Eve after skiing practice, U.S. Junior Champion Cathy Nagel (center) learns to gyrate from slalom specialist Jimmy Neuge.*





biggest bundle delivered by the Skiers Training Trust, a newly formed group of Chicago businessmen who were fed up with the ski team's perpetual lack of training facilities. The Trust donated \$10,000 to be used to start an Alpine training camp for American racers. The resort owners at Vail then stepped forward and announced that Vail's mountain and lifts would be available, free, from Dec. 22, 1962 to Jan. 4, 1963.

The 73 racers who arrived were the best of the nation's present and future ski talent. There were 10 members of last year's FIS team, and a wide supporting cast of noticeably talented youngsters. They began learning right away. Vicki Jones, only 13, from Tahoe City, Calif., learned how far it was to the top. "Sure, I want to ski right," she said as she practiced her exhausting racer's crouch, "but it's more than that. I have to ski right. Look how far I have to go competitively." A bit later she fell heavily in the thin, rutted snow, banged her helmeted head hard and hurt into

tears. But not tears of pain. "I just can't do anything right," she sobbed—and then came out by herself, voluntarily, the next day, Christmas Day, to practice some more. Brilliant Cathy Nagel, 14 but already national junior downhill champion, learned that it might not be so far up after all. "When I first came here," she said quietly, looking around at a roomful of racers, "I thought some of these skiers were gods. But I found out even gods make mistakes."

Veterans Buddy Werner and Gordy Eaton learned that what Beattie wanted was perseverance and tough conditioning. "Don't tell Beattie we've had four runs," said Eaton to Werner one afternoon. "He'll get the idea we ought to have eight." As for Beattie, he learned that at last the U.S. ski coach has the time and the place to build the discipline and the elan and provide the downhill training that a team must have to win at an Olympics. "Next year," he said as camp broke, "when someone taps us on the shoulder for Innsbruck, we'll be ready."

END



# SOCCER'S RELIGIOUS CIVIL WAR

Scotsmen salute the new year with an annual orgy of violence and prejudice as they rally for the Catholic Celts or Protestant Rangers—a tradition that the leaders of both faiths find themselves powerless to halt

The newspapers say solemnly that it is merely another football match. But actually the New Year's soccer game in Glasgow, Scotland is less a game than an excuse for an unbridled outbreak of religious bigotry. Down the years, since the series of contests between a Protestant and a Catholic team began, a stadium has been burned, a player has been killed and there have been countless other casualties, mostly unreported by newspapers, which would never admit that their readers would do any such thing.

Oddly, the first game between the Catholic Celts and the Protestant Rang-

ers, back in the 1890s, was so trouble-free that after the Celts' 5-2 victory all the players went out for an evening of heery conviviality. For several years thereafter relations were civilized if not warm. Then came the riot of 1909. Miffed when officials would not allow an overtime after the Rangers and Celts had played to a tie, the crowd went berserk. Stoked by whisky, a bonfire of shattered goalposts spread its flames into the stadium, firemen's hoses were slashed by knives, 58 constables and dozens of spectators were injured and it took a cavalry charge to stop the brawling.

Now that such a precedent had been established, the tempo picked up. Three years later a number of strongly anti-Catholic ship workers moved to Glasgow from Ulster in Northern Ireland, and the Ranger-Celtic matches proved an excellent place to expose their religious prejudices. Similarly, a sports paper began ridiculing Celtic players as Neanderthal men dressed in shabby Irish costume. By 1931, when a talented young Celtic goalkeeper was accidentally killed by a Ranger's kick to the head, the game had deteriorated into a form of war.

So it remains today. Although the

*continued*



Oversubdued fans, before, during and after match, are often spearheads of pitched battles between rival camps. This year an army of police managed to keep order in stadium by arresting drunks before trouble started.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM



*Celtics (striped uniforms) attack Ranger goal as their supporters (below) wave colors and cheer them on. Displaying flags and banners and singing certain partisan songs are forbidden by police, who know such activity leads to riots,*



Celtics allow non-Catholics on their team, the Rangers are exclusively Protestant. "I deny we promote this antagonism for business ends," says a Ranger officer (although the game enables both clubs to pay yearly dividends of 20% to 30%), but he admits, "If I advocated a Catholic for the Rangers I would be blackballed forever out of city life."

The program for this year's match carried an ominous warning: "Stringent measures will be taken by the police against disorderly behavior by any spectator. This includes the waving of flags or banners of any description or the singing or chanting of any words we at the

stadium never want to hear." What words? To understand this allusion, it must first be explained that just as the game of soccer spread from this cold, grim island south across the world, so the New World is now redressing the balance of the Old. It is from Latin America that the Celtic fans have borrowed their new chant, with its clap-clap-clap: "Cel-ar, cha-cha-cha! Cel-ar, cha-cha-cha!" to which the Ranger fans have been responding: "Curse the Pope, cha-cha-cha! Curse the Pope, cha-cha-cha!" It is an old joke in Glasgow that the Rangers have more supporters than the Celts because it is easier to say "Curse

the Pope" than "Curse the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland."

Merely, this year's game, a 4-0 blitz by the Rangers, went off with limited bottle-bashing and fighting. There were only 14 arrests and a small number of litter cases. Will the war go on forever? Probably, unless the Rangers liberalize their rule against Catholic players. One hopeful suggestion was put forward by a Marxist Brother recently: "Until a Catholic Ranger scores against a Celtic team," he wrote, "the tension will persist. Then the rabble will be bewildered and all its fire extinguished." **END**

*Celtic fan gives his opinion (unusually mild, considering the precedents) of one Ranger goal. Leaving the grounds after his team's victory (below), a Ranger supporter is well supplied to continue celebration. Local papers seldom report postgame street fights.*





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# FAT, SASSY AND SENSATIONAL

It requires patience to understand Philamon Webster Rodgers, or Phil Rodgers-Perdido Bay, as The Professional Golfers' Association lists him. Rodgers (see cover) is 24, with crew-cut blond hair, a face full of freckles and a stomach that gently overlaps his belt. He looks a lot like Jack Nicklaus, so much so that people are always coming up to him and saying, "Hi, Jack." This bugs him. He believes it should be the other way around—but Phil Rodgers would think that, for he is the hardest, loudest, cockiest man in golf.

Rodgers has spent only one full year on the pro tour, but he wouldn't hesitate to tell Arnold Palmer what is wrong with his swing. "I have a mental picture of everyone's swing," he says. "I can tell when a guy is off." Rodgers offers such pronouncements in the kind of booming voice usually reserved for shouting "Fore!" When he says "Good morning," it sounds more like a challenge than a greeting. He has an unsettling habit of interrupting people in mid-sentence with "huh?" or "what?" and his language has made many a gallery blush.

As for his golf game, it is good and he doesn't mind saying so. On the final day of the 1962 Los Angeles Open someone asked one of the pros if he thought Rodgers, who was leading the tournament, might feel the pressure. "Heck, no," said the pro. "He won't feel a thing because he thinks he's three times better than he really is." Rodgers, as if to prove the point, shot a record-breaking 62 to win.

What annoys some pros most of all is that this year Phil Rodgers may be every bit as good as he thinks he is. In 1962 he earned \$32,000, 11th best on the circuit. He won tournaments in Los Angeles and Tucson, and finished third in both the British Open—where the press was highly critical of his bumptious behavior—and the U.S. Open. He might very well have won the U.S. Open, where he was only two strokes back, had his tee shot on the 17th hole in the first round not landed in a spruce tree. The ball was

stuck in a branch about waist-high and Rodgers, rather than take a two-stroke penalty, elected to swing at it with his sand iron. Three swings later the ball was still nestled in the branch. On the fourth swing it fell, and Rodgers finished the hole with an 8. Now, months later, he can laugh about the incident. He even considered sending Christmas cards showing a golf ball wedged in the branches of a Christmas tree.

## A vicious game

Though Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Open, members of the PGA are divided as to which of the two, Rodgers or Nicklaus, was the best rookie on the pro tour. "Rodgers has more shots," says Bub Goalby. "And he's got confidence you can't believe."

"I've never seen a player with more innate ability," says Paul Runyan, a former PGA champion. Runyan, who teaches at the La Jolla (Calif.) Country Club, is one of the few people whose advice Rodgers will follow. "You play best when you're vicious, Philip," Runyan said to him recently. "If you must wear your cockiness on your sleeve to play well, then do it."

Rodgers is not a hug hitter like Nicklaus or Palmer, but he is straight, and long enough. It is his short game, however, that makes him a winner. "That little man can knock down a chip shot or one of those tough putts as well as anybody," says Howie Johnson, a touring pro. "He hasn't been out here long, but he's learned real quick."

Learn he has, but not through any great camaraderie with his fellows. He has few close friends, and when he is on the tour he usually rooms by himself. "I'm the Lone Ranger," he says. "I like to stay in my room, watch television and go to sleep when I want to. I even order dinner in my room."

Food is important to Rodgers, and he eats with intensity. "He's an absolute glutton," says Paul Runyan. "His weight is the only thing that could keep him from being a great golfer." Rodgers is

only 5 feet 8—"I'm really 5 feet 7½," he says, "but 5 feet 8 sounds a lot taller"—and he weighs between 180 and 200 pounds. A typical Rodgers breakfast is juice, fried eggs, a steak, hashed brown potatoes and toast. When he has finished, he will put his stomach and say, "Agh! I feel like a blimp, fat and sassy."

Runyan recalls sharing a room with Rodgers in Rochester during the 1956 U.S. Open. Rodgers was 18 and an amateur, and Runyan wanted to help Phil cut down on expenses. "I needed a room anyway," says Runyan. "All Phil had to pay was the difference between a single and double, about \$2. We ate together every night and I never saw anything like it. My bill would come to \$3. Phil's would be about \$7. He'd eat everything in sight, shrimp, fruit cocktail, steak enough for three people. Then he'd be awake at night burping and belching and wonder why he couldn't sleep."

Overeating hurt Rodgers' golf game during the latter half of 1962. "I had gout," he says. "My toes started to swell. Too much rich food." To get in shape for the 1963 tour he started on a training program of careful eating, calisthenics and running on the beach outside his home—an absolutely Spartan regimen by his standards.

Rodgers lives in a sunny apartment in Mission Bay Park near San Diego. (Perdido Bay in Florida pays Phil to endorse its name. As yet it doesn't have a golf course.) In the apartment he has a stereophonic record player that he likes to turn up to full volume and that he leaves on when he goes out. He has a bed as wide as a fairway, a bureau full of cashmere sweaters—22 of them at last count—and an ice bucket with party gags written on it, one of which is: "Try being nice to a girl and what does it get you—married." Rodgers is single.

He also owns a blue Thunderbird that he enjoys driving at dazzling speeds through the La Jolla hills overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He hopes to build a house in the hills when he has quit the tour. "I want a yacht, too," he says.



Phil Rodgers says what he thinks, thinks that he's great, and plays almost as well as he says he does

by WALTER BINGHAM

"Not a little one, a big one. And I want to learn to fish. I've never had much time for that."

Rodgers has never had much time for anything but golf. His father, Harry Rodgers, was always an avid golfer, and Phil, tagging along on trips to the driving range, started early. When he was 8 his father took him to Presidio Hills, a pitch-and-putt course in San Diego owned by a leathery little pro named Al Abrego. Rodgers is left-handed, but Abrego taught him to swing right-handed, probably after some argument. "He was always a positive boy," says Abrego. "Very sure of himself. He wanted to do everything his way. But he was smart, too. Whenever he saw a good player he watched him closely to see what he could learn."

Phil spent the long afternoons of his youth playing and replaying the 18 short holes at Presidio Hills, and this is probably the reason his short game is exceptional. "He was crazy about golf," says Abrego. "He was always the last one to leave." Phil kept a club by his bed that he swung before going to sleep and upon waking up. He hit practice shots by the hour, his father doing the shagging. When he was 10, his father entered him in his first tournament. Phil can still remember his scores—116, 110; 112, 110—and most of the shots he hit. At 11 he won his first tournament. "The trophy was bigger than Phil was," recalls Harry Rodgers.

His parents were divorced when he was 16 and he and his younger brother stayed with their mother, but Phil's father still dominated his golf career. "His father was nervy enough, or interested enough, to see that Phil always played with good players," says Paul Runyan. Harry Rodgers' intense interest may have helped Phil's golf game, but it created friction between the two. Phil still sees

(continued)

**DISSATISFIED WITH SCORE** and with foreign pros that lambasted his manners, Rodgers sniffs at his card during the 1982 British Open



his father, but the relationship obviously is cool.

Newspaper clippings from a collection of scrapbooks his mother keeps describe Phil's progress: SAN DIEGO'S NEWEST GOLF STAR . . . IN THE TRADITION OF BILLY CASPER, GENE LITTLER AND MIKEY WRIGHT. There are RODGERS wins clips, first about state, then out-of-state tournaments. And finally there are clips about the really important tournaments, the National Collegiate, the U.S. Amateur and the U.S. Open.

#### Score 'em and beat 'em

In those same stories, adjectives begin to appear describing the young man, words like *trash*, *hold*, *cocky*. "I used to act cocky on purpose," he says. "I figured I could scare the other kids. I thought I could make them want to beat me so much they'd play bad." It is said that when Phil arrived in Columbus, Ga., for the 1955 International Jaycee tournament, he announced to a crowded clubhouse porch that he would be the winner and that everyone else might as well go home. Rodgers denies this. "A reporter asked me how I expected to do and I told him I expected to win," he says. Rodgers did win, too, by one stroke. "It should have been 10 strokes," he now adds. "I had a lousy last round."

That same year Phil overslept on the first day of the Nevada Junior golf championship. He phoned the golf club. "I'll be a little late for my starting time," he said jauntily. "I'll be there just as soon as I get dressed and have a bite to eat." He was told to be on the first tee in 11 minutes or else he would be withdrawn from the tournament. Rodgers made it in nine, shoelaces untied, munching on a doughnut.

It was in the 1957 National Amateur in Brookline, Mass. that breezy Phil got involved in one of his more unpleasant incidents. He was playing Bob Roos, a San Francisco amateur. On the 12th hole Roos drene down the middle of the fairway. Rodgers into the rough. "Phil took out a wooden club," recalls Roos. "He banged it down in the rough about three or four times. Now I could see the ball. He took out another wood and again banged it down a few times. Then he hit the ball well out on the fairway. I hit my shot and then went over to him. 'I'm sorry, Phil,' I said, 'but I have to call the hole on you. You improved your lie.' He thought it over a min-

ute and then very graciously answered, 'You're right. Bob.' As we walked toward the green, I said, 'Phil, there are people around the green and there is no reason to stir up questions. We might as well hit up and play through for fun.' He agreed this would be wise. We both hit close to the pin and I picked up the balls. Then he challenged me. 'You can't have the hole, because you didn't hole out,' he said. I protested, but eventually we had to call the USGA officials. They ruled in my favor." Rodgers had been willing to give up the hole on the technical possibility that he might have improved his lie, but having been given a chance to get it back on another rule interpretation, he couldn't resist trying.

Nor does Rodgers hesitate to rule against himself. Last year in the Masters, playing with Byron Nelson, Rodgers penalized himself a stroke when his ball took a half turn as he was about to hit it. "I never saw it move," said Nelson. "That showed me what kind of man he

is." And in the U.S. Open, Rodgers thought he should be penalized an additional stroke on the disastrous 17th hole because the ball falling from the spruce tree hit the shaft of his club. Joe Dey, the USGA official, ruled otherwise.

After he finished high school Rodgers entered the University of Houston, a sort of training camp for aspiring pro golfers. In his one varsity season, 1958, he won all three college tournaments he entered—the Border Olympics, Missouri Valley Conference and National Collegiate. "Phil knew more about golf than any kid we've ever had here," says Coach Dave Williams. "But I couldn't understand him. I never knew what the guy was going to say. After he beat Deane Beman in the second round of the National Collegiate in Williamstown, Mass. I went up to shake hands with him. 'That's the last time that'll ever happen,' he yelled to me. 'What do you mean, Phil?' I asked. 'That's the last time I'll ever be over par on this track,' he said.



WITH LITTLE REVERENCE for the sedate traditions of the PGA tournament, Rodgers blithely chokes up on his club and taps in a three-inch putt at Aronimink below an amused gallery.



WITH GREAT CEREMONY, Rodgers places his cap over hole during the same event. "All right, Sam," he said to his longest playing partner, Sam Snead, "let's see you sink one now."

It was, too, and that course has 60 traps."

Rodgers dropped out of Houston and joined the Marines in 1959, but not exactly to see the world. He spent most of his two service years in San Diego playing golf. He turned pro while he was still a Marine and played in a few minor tournaments, but did not join the tour until he was discharged in mid-1961.

Rodgers' Marine duty did little to curb his attitude or his temper, as the pros quickly found out. "He uses some pretty strong language without bothering to see who might be listening," Arnold Palmer once said. One such instance was at the U.S. Open last year. Rodgers had just finished the 13th hole on the final round. "It was the hole that beat me," says Rodgers. "I had just chipped in at 12 and I needed six pars to win. I was all keyed up and I tried to get fancy with my tee shot. I stuck it in a trap, came out six feet from the pin, but missed the putt and ended up with a bogey 4."

As Rodgers came off the green he un-

leashed a torrent of words that would have shocked a drill sergeant, to say nothing of the sedate gallery at Oakmont. "It's a bad habit of mine," he admits. "I'm trying to break it. When I get hot, I've just got to let it out. Then it's gone."

When Rodgers turned pro he handed over his business affairs to Ted Woolley, a tall, robust man in his early 60s. Woolley is president of Golfcraft, a manufacturer of golf clubs in Escondido, Calif. Rodgers, along with Doug Ford, Lloyd Mangrum and a few other pros, endorses Golfcraft clubs. Woolley also advises Rodgers what tournaments to enter and what other products to associate himself with. Woolley collects Phil's earnings, banks them, and doles out a weekly salary to him. But, above all, Woolley is a friend, a mature influence on a young man.

"I don't think Phil's ill-mannered," says Woolley, "although some people will try to talk me out of it. He's a lonely

kid, and I think he needs someone to look out for him. You know what's behind all that bluster of his? Insecurity. He's immature and he's got a lot of growing up to do.

"I'll tell you the sort of thing Phil's apt to do. He got back from Singapore recently and came into the office. He didn't shake hands; he just stood there in the doorway as if he'd been away five minutes. I think he was embarrassed to show any emotion. If it is really defiance he is showing, then it should be kicked out of him. Sooner or later he's got to learn that the world doesn't owe Phil Rodgers a living."

Woolley is rough or gentle with Rodgers, depending on the situation. Recently Phil was angry when it looked as if the PGA would keep him from playing in the Mexican Open. "They can't tell me what to do," he grumbled. "Look," Woolley told him. "If they told Mr. Palmer and Mr. Snead what to do, they can tell you." Later Phil asked him if he could have a new golf umbrella he saw in Woolley's office. "We only give these to good players, Phil," Woolley told him, "but we'll make an exception in your case."

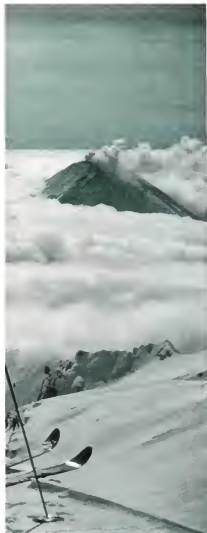
Rodgers has another friend in his secretary, Mrs. Beverley Mungle. She pays Rodgers' bills, answers his mail and makes his reservations when he is on tour. "All I do is play the golf," Phil says. It is at home with her and her husband, Chuck, that Phil appears most at ease. He will wander in at almost any time of day, check the acebox for a soft drink, slouch into an easy chair and disappear behind a newspaper. Mrs. Mungle, like Woolley, takes no fancy business from him. Once recently, when Rodgers was slumped behind the paper, she asked him a question. He mumbled his reply. "What did you say?" she asked. He mumbled again. She got up from the couch, reached over the top of the paper, grabbed Rodgers by the hair and pulled hard. "Philamon Webster," she demanded, "what did you say?"

That's the way to handle Phil Rodgers. Despite all the loud talk and superficial bravado, despite all the bluster that may or may not be designed to rattle opponents and win golf tournaments, despite being the Lone Ranger and seeming to like it, this is a pleasant young man when he wants to be. Whenever he tries to be anything else, someone should give him a good yank.

END



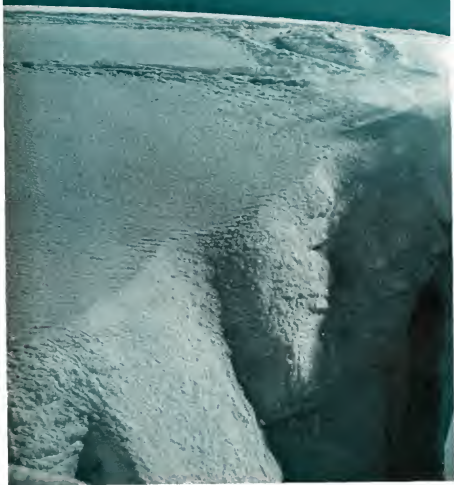
**TO THE**



*"I never in my life saw anything like it," says Stein Eriksen, an Olympic skiing champion who is familiar with icy landscapes from the Alps to the Andes. Eriksen (second from left) stands on New Zealand's Mt. Rnapelnu with fellow skiers watching the steam from a live volcano rising out of the clouds, an awesome enough sight. But the scene he spoke of with such wonder was the face of the Tasman glacier. "You can visualize such formations in ice cream," he says, "but to see the tremendous walls around you, ice-cream puffs high as 70-story buildings. . . ." Some of the things that awed Stein are visible on the following pages.*

## A TRIP BACK OF BEYOND

*The forbidding darkness of a chasm 100 feet deep contrasts vividly with the ice-white world of the surface where Stein Eriksen risks a crossing on a narrow snow bridge.*





*The puff of snow in his tracks is the only sign of motion in a vast and eerie snowscape as Stein Eriksen skis over an ice chamber hollowed out by the great Tasman glacier.*









## WONDERLAND'S SNEAKY SPECIFICS

Appealing as the snow may look, a glacier can be a dangerous place for a skier. It is a living, moving thing. Formations change, crevasses open and close and there are no trees, rocks or landmarks of any kind to provide direction or even perspective. A condition known as "whiteout" may result, in which all directions, up, down, north, south, east and west are lost. And so is the skier.

Stein Eriksen skied the Tasman glacier for moviemakers John and Lois Jay, who have long wanted to record skiing in Australia and New Zealand. The Jays have made ski color films around the world for 23 years, and they waited 10 for friends down under to say the time was right and the sport had grown enough to justify a movie there. As part of this film they decided to fly to a spot where skiing is above all breathtaking—the Tasman glacier, 10,000 feet up in New Zealand's Mt. Cook area. The Tasman is moving only three feet a day, a rate somewhat less treacherous than that of other glaciers in the Southern Alps range. A Cessna 180, piloted by an expert familiar with the area's freakish air currents as well as the surface tracks of the changing Tasman, was used as a ski lift, enabling the party to explore the variety of frozen slopes presented by the glacier.

Eriksen came away awed by what he saw and eager enough to return, but prospective Tasman sportsmen should know that if all that whiteness looks like fine powder snow, it has a curious consistency. "It is," Stein says, "a little like sking in cement."

*Like an emperor of ice cream, Eriksen peers down from a snowy height that he reached by slow sidestepping.*

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# THE NEW ARCHITECTURE OF LEISURE

That 'little place in the country' has turned into a billion-dollar-a-year business, powerful enough to inspire radical changes in building methods and the most exciting domestic architecture being created in America today

In a vacation house," says Architect Eliot Noyes, "you have a desire for a kind of space and character quite different from any other type of structure. It must be invested with a special feeling. It is not just another home."

And Eliot Noyes, and architects everywhere, are suddenly finding more opportunities to "invest a house with special feeling" than they've ever had before. For Americans, who already own 1.2 million vacation houses, will build 100,000 more of them, worth a billion dollars, in 1963. Whether built on a dune, by a lake, in the mountains, woods or desert, they all serve a common need—getting away from it all. They range all the way from do-it-yourself precut cabins, for \$695, to \$200,000 traverse-floor beach palaces.

For community planners and the building industry, the leisure-house business could not come along at a better time—just at the end of the great postwar housing shortage. And for the architect there are fresh opportunities to create pleasures and delights, major ingredients of the place that's designed to house a family at play.

The laboratory in which the architect most often feels himself free to create these special qualities is the pleasure dome he builds for himself and his

own family. He is forced to battle with his own budget, but he also knows his client. There is no one to blame but himself if he fails, so he dares to risk his most novel solutions. The houses that architects are designing for themselves today forecast the shape of the leisure houses of tomorrow.

One such idea house, immensely influential if little known, is the cottage built by the Hungarian-born, Bauhaus-trained architect, Marcel Breuer, overlooking the ponds of the Cape Cod town of Wellfleet. Breuer found the spot on a motoring trip in 1943, when he was teaching at Harvard, and the site, with its tall pine trees and dunes, its rugged, dry landscape, appealed to him instantly. He decided to leave the sloping dune with its natural brush and pine needle coverage undisturbed and did this by "floating" the house on posts, resting on circular concrete foundations poured in the sand. Not only was the dune coverage untouched, but the posts took care of the slope of the ground. He wanted the simplest kind of construction, both for economy and because the house had to be assembled at the end of a long sandy lane. He positioned the bathroom and kitchen units back to back, thus grouping

the service pipes into one cluster column.

Breuer also figured that he would save time and money if the walls, of quarter-inch plywood (later covered with vertical cedar siding), were assembled on the ground. To get them into place he used a rope-and-tackle rig attached to the surrounding pines. Opening out from the kitchen was the living room, which focused on a cement-block chimney, and the 12-foot hung porch, suspended on trusses; the other end of the house was a long corridor with two bedrooms leading off and terminating in a full-width studio. To shield the glass areas he extended the roof on the side facing south. Since 1948, when this snug rectangle on stilts was finished, hurricanes have ripped across the area, uprooting some of the tall pines, but they have left the house as solid as before.

Once seen, the idea of placing a box on stilts and floating it over the dune seems simplicity itself. And so does that ubiquitous challenger of the last decade, the popular A-frame, the granddaddy of which is still perched serenely on the side of a mountain in Mill Valley across the Golden Gate Bridge. That an equilateral triangle is one of the strongest geometric forms

conceivable has long been known, but the credit of employing it first as the basic form for a vacation house is given, in architectural circles at least, to the Bay Area firm of Campbell & Wong, which erected its first one in 1930 on the minuscule budget of \$4,500. Essentially all roof and a floor, easy to build, indefinitely extendable (one just adds more triangles), the A-frame has proved flexible enough to suit the deep-snow Sierras and the scaring sun of the seashore.

The A-frame, of course, has its drawbacks—one is that heat tends to gather high up at the peak. A distressed owner of a New England A-frame ski lodge has rigged a recirculating pipe and fan to pull the heat back down to the floor, where it is needed. But the A-frame can also be the basis of a structural system capable of great spaciousness and drama, as has been proved by San Francisco Architect Nathaniel Owings, whose \$100,000 acre perched 600 feet above the Pacific near Carmel, Calif. has been called "the most beautiful house on the most beautiful site in the U.S."

George Rockrose, another San Francisco architect, has designed more than 150 houses from Alaska to Florida. Rockrose also is an A-frame enthusiast, but for his own

by CRANSTON JONES

year-round vacation house at Squaw Valley he designed a square house, a form that he dramatized and kept from resembling a box by placing a peaked roof at each corner. The floor-to-ceiling glass lets in an eyeful of blue sky and snow-covered Sierras as well as a dramatic underfoot view of rock-strewn Squaw Creek, a stream that runs right past the foot of the house. Architect Rockrise wanted a lot for his \$25,000 investment: room for himself, wife and two children, guest rooms, a big communal room and all the view he could get, including an outdoor deck for summer right over the banks of the creek. And to make sure that the upstairs wasn't treated as second-class territory, he built an interior balcony with a view through the expanse of glass. Now the possessor of a year-round vacation lodge that can sleep up to 18, he feels he has gotten his money's worth.

Olav Hammarstrom, a Finnish-born architect, created a leisure house of great beauty on a shoestring \$7,500. Hammarstrom resolved not to cut a single tree on his woody Cape Cod site. This decision forced him to build an elbow-shaped house with an unusual interior perspective that appears to add feet to the spacious feeling of the living room. At one end of the living room there is a raised platform for dining Japanese fashion, and the step-up does double duty by serving as a bench for the fireplace set in the elbow crook. This slight elevation also gives a better view of the sea. Since the sheets of glass that form the

walls are set below the platform level, they become all but invisible, giving one the impression of being in an open pavilion. The floor is covered with fabrics made by Mrs. Hammarstrom, who as Marianne Stengell is a world-famous weaver. Where's the sauna for piping-hot steam baths? Hammarstrom is busy designing one now.

Since the Japanese have traditionally been great believers in bringing nature into the house and projecting the house into nature, it is not surprising that some age-old Japanese solutions have appealed to indoor-outdoor-living Americans. Among them are such stylistic wrinkles as Japanese pitched roofs and moon-viewing platforms. I. M. Pei, an M.I.T.-and-Harvard-trained architect, made platform living the essence of his country house in rolling Westchester County above New York City. This, like the Breuer house, sits up on stilts and looks out over the landscape, but Pei made the year-round central core small and ran a deck around the house. The Peis' four children have wheeled beds, which they can park where they wish on summer nights. The Peis themselves like to keep lights low as evening comes on and let soft light filter in from the illuminated garden and trees outside. The taste, economy and simple elegance of this delightful house are pure design wizardry: Pei designed the frame to use only standard prefabricated materials, organized to be erected in one day, roofed in seven.

Prefabrication is the secret of taking housing out of the

expensive handicraft area and making a second house a reasonably priced possibility. Perry Prentice, editorial adviser of *House and Home*, pointed out in 1961, "Nobody needs a crystal ball to see that tomorrow's house will be manufactured in a factory, trucked to the site in big modular pieces, lifted off the truck with mechanical muscles and site-assembled in less than 10 working days." His prediction comes true 400 times every day as another prefab is started somewhere in the U.S. In fact, if the present trend toward prefabs continues—and one building spokesman thinks that prefabs have an \$8 billion potential, more than 12 times the \$660 million current sales—then, says Prentice, "only fools and millionaires will build any other way."

Carl Koch, whose own quality Techbuilt houses come in some 20-odd prefab variations and are turning up in mountain and seaside communities all over the eastern seaboard, says: "We have been able to get identical kitchen and laundry equipment from Maine to California for two generations. Now people are able to get the same whole house in any community across the land, weather or no weather, frost or no frost, snow or no snow." A single conventional house consists of about 30,000 separate pieces, hand-assembled on the site. The advantages of prefabrication are the same as any factory process: controlled conditions, big volume, quality control, economy. But Koch strongly emphasizes that "although the prefab

house is made in a factory, it need not imitate the factory." The idea is standardization of parts, not monotony of form.

Other prefab companies all across the country are catering to the big vacation-house market. The Douglas Fir Plywood Association of Tacoma, Wash., for instance, offers 18 different vacation models. A brochure showing all houses and their floor plans costs 25¢. For 50¢ you can buy from Potlatch Forests, Inc., Lewiston, Idaho, a booklet with 27 plans for "cabin hideaways, weekend retreats and year-round second homes." Red-E-Cut Logs, Oakland, Calif., has a three-bedroom log cabin for \$3,599 plus delivery. Alside Homes Corp. of Akron, Ohio, which uses aluminum curtain walls, offers packaged houses that range in price from \$6,900 to \$50,000.

Along with this standardization, leisure houses are developing all sorts of novel forms. California Architect Henrik Bull has designed a round one, using a 60,000-gallon redwood wine tank for the walls. There are houses that pivot to face the sun; houses with retractable roofs; and houses with swimming pools that come into the living room. Some old-fashioned ideas are also riding back in on the leisure-house vogue: gazebos and summerhouses, which are being used for enclosed cookouts or spillover bunk houses.

Hobby areas and family rooms—now increasingly called "leisure areas"—have long been part of American suburbia, but as commuting time and work hours shorten, one room

*(continued on page 40)*

For the vacation houses architects built for themselves, see following pages



"I used glass on the corners only," explains San Francisco Architect George Rokusek of his peeked-year-round vacation lodge at Squaw Valley. "I wanted an openness in the expansive main room that captured a view of the stream and the bigness of land and sky." Snow-covered deck (left) overhangs Squaw Creek.



"The maximum of indoor-outdoor living with the minimum of upkeep and maintenance" was the goal of Manhattan Architect I. M. Pei when he set about designing his own winter and summer weekend house. His family includes four children. Around a snug, winterized interior core he placed a natural spruce wood deck on all four sides, enclosed it with screens that keep out insects and falling leaves. The double prefabricated beams hold recessed lights, but the Peis dine by candlelight and reflected glow from the illuminated garden.



"Not a single tree was cut on the site," is the proud boast of Olav Hammarstrom, a Finnish-born architect, whose Cape Cod cottage cost him only \$7,500. The breezeway (right) is closed by a sliding barn door, vertical siding has weathered a handsome silver-gray. The raised Japanese style dining room (left) becomes a viewing platform enclosed in glass.



"I used an old Vermont wall to build my new Vermont house," says Harvard-trained Architect Eliot Noyes. By placing weathered stones against wood forms, then pouring cement, he built a textured wall for one third the price of a mason-built wall.



"I wanted to keep the natural dune cover, so I 'floated' the house above the site, the stilts 'anchored' in the sand also compensate for the slope," says Marcel Breuer of his trend-setting 1948 house on Cape Cod. In 1962 he added a second wing for guests (right), connected it by a bridge platform.

continued



"No house can do more than grab hold of a sheer bit of granite on this coast." Architect Neil Owings says of his vacation house at Big Sur, Calif. He anchored his 50-foot-long, \$100,000 frame to a saddle of concrete, used 60-year-old redwood planks for sheathing, created "a one-time house good for a lifetime."

## NEW ARCHITECTURE continued

in the primary dwelling is not going to take care of the family's leisure problem. Already real-estate developers are building whole communities around leisure facilities. Among many others (SL, Dec. 17) is Reston, Va., 18 miles outside Washington, D.C., which is being developed as a cluster of seven villages that will have an eventual population of 75,000, each one organized around a sport. Water-sports enthusiasts will build around the 35-acre artificial lake; golfers' homes will front the fairway; horsemen will gravitate to a village with a central community stable and find the surrounding area lined with bridle paths. As a final touch, each house will have its own hitching post.

What happens to the man who really wants a hideaway, away from the cluster and crowd? Even the most remote islands may be "discovered," and progress, in the form of snowplows, can pry open any

mountain fastness. R. Buckminster Fuller, a farsighted designer who 36 years ago designed a structure that could be dropped on the North Pole from a dirigible, has one answer: a disposable house. He has already designed a lightweight geodesic dome for U.S. Marines to carry by helicopter and is hard at work on a civilian model to be made of weatherproof cardboard that will cost only \$45. If that does not enable the adventurer to stay ahead of the pack, he can join a new race called *Homo aquaticus*, which underwater explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau predicts will soon come into being. As a first step, Commandant Cousteau is right now building on the floor of the Mediterranean near Marseille an underwater village of prefabricated houses that can accommodate 20 inhabitants. He hopes to have his first "settlement" underwater by February or March of this year.

Next week, a family builds its ideal house on a small sunny island—the first in a series of articles describing the best examples of the new leisure architecture.









BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## The sisters had their nerve

There was drama in each of the seven championships in the 1962 Fall Nationals. But in the women's team event there was a bit of sentiment as well, for the winning lineup included a pair of sisters.

The title was taken by Mrs. Stella Rebner and Mrs. Alicia Kempner of Los Angeles, Mrs. Teddie Warner of Fair Lawn, N.J. and the sisters, Mrs. Edith Kemp of Miami Beach and Mrs. Ann Burnstein of Las Vegas. It qualified them to play in the trials that will lead to the selection of our women's team for the 1964 World Bridge Olympiad. A big win is nothing new for Mrs. Kemp, but for Mrs. Burnstein the victory meant a trophy for one of the most under-rated of the country's top players. Here is a sample of the play that brought success for sister Ann.

*Neither side vulnerable  
East dealer*

EAST	SOUTH (Mrs. Burnstein)	WEST	NORTH (Mrs. Kemp)
1♠	1♥	PASS	PASS
1♠	DOUBLE	3♠	3♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 7 of diamonds

According to the book definition South's double was for penalty, not for takeout, but experts no longer adhere rigidly to the rule that a takeout double must be made at the first opportunity. In this case, South's double said, in effect: "Partner, I might have doubled for a takeout the first time, except that I did not wish to encourage you to bid spades." West's pre-emptive raise of the spade had made this more apparent. Mrs. Kemp then gave her sister a shaded raise, for the competitive situation demanded it.

West's opening lead of the 7 of diamonds was taken by East's ace, and a diamond return was won by South's jack. When West followed with the deuce of diamonds, it was clear that she had begun with only a doubleton. Declarer's problem was to draw trumps and, if possible, avoid having her king of diamonds ruffed away. So, after giving the matter considerable thought, she laid down the king of hearts from her hand!

The result was startlingly successful. West won with the ace, and East's blank queen fell. West shifted to a spade, and South won the trick and drew all of West's trumps. Next, declarer, having cashed the last trump and the king of diamonds, forced East to come down to four black cards behind dummy's queen-10 of spades and ace-8 of clubs. East kept the king-jack of spades and the king-6 of clubs, and South now had her choice of end plays. She could lead two rounds of clubs and put East in, forcing East to concede a spade to North's queen. Or she could lead a spade, giving East two spade tricks and forcing a lead away from the king of clubs. The two tricks East could take in addition to the red aces already cashed brought the defenders' total to only four and allowed Mrs. Burnstein to make her contract and win the board.

Note that the normal way of playing the trump suit would have resulted in defeat. If South goes to dummy's club ace in order to lead a heart from dummy, West will get in with the heart ace. Now West can give her partner the lead with the club king, and a diamond ruff and a spade trick would set the contract.

### EXTRA TRICK

It is sometimes sound tactics—when not vulnerable—to press one round higher than your cards justify in order to keep the opponents from a part-score contract they might make. Occasionally you even make your bid.

END



*Skating on the farm pond—photo by Mark Shaw*

## For a better way to take care of your nest egg talk to the people at Chase Manhattan

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BANK**



*The hips should rotate through the swing like a revolving cylinder. On the backswing concentrate on turning the right hip away from the ball until the left hip and the shoulder (green dot) are even with it or behind it.*

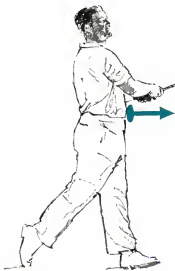


*On the downswing and the follow-through the emphasis should be on turning the right hip toward the ball and the hole. If the right hip is rotating properly, the rest of the body turn will follow almost automatically.*

*Think about one hip  
and they both  
will turn correctly*

If you are pushing your shots to the right instead of hitting them long and straight, look to the hip turn as the likely trouble spot. You may find that you have restricted yourself because of an improper hip turn on the backswing, and on the downswing are "sliding" your hips laterally toward the target instead of turning them. Both faults will occur at the expense of power and accuracy. The following remedies can often get you back in the right groove. Most of us are right-handed, and it is often easier for us to think in right-handed terms. On the backswing, therefore, concentrate specifically on turning the right hip away from the ball, rather than just generally turning both hips. The result is the same, but thinking of it this way makes the movement seem less complicated and therefore easier to accomplish correctly. Be sure to turn the right hip so far that the left hip and left shoulder have also rotated enough to be opposite or behind the ball. While you are doing this your weight will shift back to the right foot. On the downswing, concentrate on turning the right hip toward the ball. This will force the left hip out of the way, not "slide" it laterally to the left. Incorrectly sliding the left side toward the target will reduce the speed of the swing and get the hands ahead of the ball at impact, making a pushed shot inevitable. If on the follow-through the front of the body, not the left side, is squarely facing the target, it is likely you have made a proper hip turn and pivot. It is difficult to say exactly when the weight should move off the right foot and onto the left, but I feel that my weight begins shifting to the left the instant my hips start turning to the left.

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*The hips should turn so far that the front of the body is pointing straight toward the target as the follow-through is completed.*



CAUCUSING AT THE CHICAGO NET, THE BLACK HAWKS' HALL, PILOTE (3) AND EVANS (5) MAKE IT HARD TO GET A PUCK IN EDGEWISE

## *The Black Hawks are now the bright hopes*

After establishing a two-year tradition of starting slow and finishing fast, Chicago's rough and tough hockey players have suddenly blossomed into an outfit that starts fast and may finish the same way

They're not as tough as they think they are," said Toronto's Punch Imlach. "They're a big team, but wherever they've tried to scare us out of the rink by outgunning us it has backfired. I hope they keep on trying because we'll just keep on beating them."

With this brave whistle in the dark, the coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs tried last week to dismiss the threat of his major rivals, the big, bad, bold Chicago Black Hawks. The only reply of the Hawks was to hold grimly to their first-place tie with Toronto in the NHL.

Since the Black Hawks won the Stanley Cup two years ago and barely lost in the finals to Toronto last year, and since they boast such proved stars as Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita and Goalie Glenn Hall, their first-place status may not seem surprising. In recent years, how-

ever, Chicago's end-of-season successes have been achieved only after notoriously slow starts. At this time last year, for instance, the Chicago team was in fifth place with a record of 12 wins, 15 losses and 12 ties. Now it is first with 18-11-9. Since the Black Hawks habitually come on like gangbusters in the second half of the season, it seems possible they could turn what remains of the current league race into a romp. "There is no doubt about it," says Toe Blake, whose Montreal Canadiens have finished first for the past five years and who never admits even the possibility of defeat. "Chicago is one of the teams we must beat." Less habitually victorious teams like fifth-place New York and sixth-place Boston have not managed to win a single game from Chicago all season long.

The remarkable fact about this win-

ning record is that Chicago has achieved it while scoring fewer goals than even the last-place Bruins. Although Goalie Hall is having one of his best years to date, and Sturs Hull and Mikita continue to give stellar performances, Chicago's success has been earned not so much by its big names and then big play as by the unassuming rank and file. Only four Black Hawks are listed among the league's top 30 scorers, yet in the kind of statistic dear to baseball fans, young Kenny Wharram, who ranks 31st in the point parade, is shown to be one of the most valuable forwards on the ice. A breakdown of NHL statistics for the first 25 games gives Wharram credit for the most "net goals" in the league—15. This means that during the time Wharram was on the ice Chicago scored 15 more goals than its opponents and thus, in an

unspectacular way, won hockey games.

Throughout the season the Black Hawks have supplanted an occasional lack of spectacular offense with a thoroughly spectacular defense and an assault-and-battery checking style that wears down opponents while disorganizing their offensive patterns. "They are the toughest team we play," says Toronto's million-dollar forward, Frank Mahovlich, giving the lie to his boss's words.

This sudden realization of the Black Hawks' long-latent power represents the flowering of five years of patient cultivation by Coach Rudy Pilous, who made the Hawks the smoothly functioning unit of interchangeable parts that they are today. It has both surprised and delighted Black Hawk fans who pack gloomy, decrepit Chicago Stadium night after night and, perversely, boo their new heroes for every slightest lapse.

"We don't mind the booing," grins Glenn Hall. "In fact, we expect it. If we won 69 games and lost one, they'd boo us for that one loss."

This fan reflex was thoroughly conditioned during the long lean years from 1947 to 1958 when the Black Hawks lay inert at the bottom of the league. In 1958, after Chicago had tried 21 coaches in 36 years of play, Owner Jim Norris signed on a new man who had never before coached a professional hockey team. "When they offered me the job," said Rudy Pilous last week, "it seemed as crazy as winning the Irish Sweepstakes. Even at that, I had to think it over for a while, though, because this was the graveyard."

Pilous' love of hockey finally clinched it. In the past, an ardent amateur, he had quit a number of steady jobs in the non-sporting world so that he could stay close to hockey. In 1945 he left a job as a department manager with General Motors in St. Catharines, Ontario, to go to work for the Chicago farm club at Buffalo. "The security of knowing that I had a pension and all that was very good," he recalls, "but my bloody head was so thick with boredom that I jumped at the chance to go to Buffalo." The job immersed him in hockey beyond his fondest dreams. "They had no scouting, promoting, publicizing—even buying equipment," says Pilous. "I learned every phase of the game."

More important, he got to know all the youngsters in the farm system as they moved up from teen-age teams to

the big time. Seven of the current Black Hawk stars, in fact, came up from the very St. Catharines farm team Pilous had helped build. Besides Hull and Mikita, they include high-scoring Ab McDonald, whose 12 goals have sent him off to the fastest start of his career, rookie Chago Maka, and the team's outstanding defensive pair, Elmer Vasko and Pierre Pilote. Vasko, at 6 feet 3 and 220 pounds, is not only the biggest player in the NHL but has added a useful knack for blocking flying pucks to his proved talent for bouncing around rival forwards. Pilote, a Hawk midget at only 5 feet 10, is the team captain and has been an NHL all-star for three years. The seventh St. Catharines alumnus is a big, blocky rookie named Wayne Hillman. Pilous has paired Hillman with Al MacNeil, a sturdy little defenseman who was traded by Montreal after sporadic service there last winter. The two have combined to give Chicago still another airtight defensive tandem and are regarded as one of the big surprises of the current season. These four,

plus a newly restrained Reg Fleming and an older but stronger Jack Evans, have enabled Chicago to choke off nearly 20% of the goals it had allowed last year at this time. No team in the NHL is stopping more goals than Chicago, which has missed only seven of every 100 pucks shot at it.

"The team," says its coach, "has matured. Our young players aren't that young and our old players aren't that old. I got rid of five or six players in each of the first two years. The young talent was just coming of age when I got here. If I've helped it's by using that old soft sell—letting new players know they didn't have to prove themselves in one night, so they could give their best and still be relaxed." Captain Pierre Pilote puts it another way. "Under Rudy we've learned to know ourselves better and have more confidence. That's why we have won so many one-point games [seven this year]."

Pilous, the master of the soft sell, is a tall, trim 48-year-old who looks as jolly as the song leader in a German beer hall.

But he also is a shrewd, alert man with an unusually acute instinct for commanding grown men in a combative, competitive profession. "They're men," he says simply. "I don't know much about their personal lives. I never check up on them. They know what they have to do. I don't fraternize with them in a social way. I have to have their respect. I have to be humble and firm at the same time."

Sometimes the men revert to boyhood to test Pilous. Last week, during a particularly long and arduous practice, Center Bill (Red) Hay, a playmaker whose new tendency to shoot and score has helped the team to its fast start, deliberately missed an easy shot at the net. He slammed it noisily off the backboard instead. The players grinned, Pilous showed no reaction. Instead, he skated calmly to the edge of the rink and spoke to a friend. "Ehhhh, they're trying to shake up the old Rood, see? I won't acknowledge the action, but, I'll tell you, I don't mind it either. It's good. It shows they're frisky."

END



AN INTERESTED BYSTANDER. Coach Rudy Pilous watches from behind Wharmann, MacNeil and Fleming.





This is banquet time, the laughing season, the peak of it. Observe, at left, a happy victim. He is Mr. A. L. Kirkpatrick, a member of the Atlanta Quarterback Club. He arrived at the banquet scene in good time for the cocktail party. Then he dined on shrimp cocktail, steak, salad, pecan pie and coffee and, as seen here, is reacting to a talk being delivered by the second-string catcher who became a first-rate baseball broadcaster and raconteur, Joe Garagiola of St. Louis. Joe was saying:

"Or you take people who come up and ask me, 'Why did you quit baseball? You look like you could still be playing today.' Well, fellows, I'll tell you. There are a lot of little things that let you know when it's time to quit. For instance, I was traded four times when they only had eight teams in the league—that told me something. And then, when I went to the Giants, Leo Durocher was the manager. Now this guy could upset a Trappist monastery. I remember I walked into the clubhouse for the first time when Durocher was having a meeting. The Giants have already clinched the pennant and they're going to play Cleveland in the World Series. Well, Durocher sees me walk in, and this is what he says to me: 'I hope that if there is an Italian present, he won't take offense. But this is what Leo said, word for word, 'Dago,' he said, 'I want you to catch today. I don't want Westrum to get hurt.'"

Joe Garagiola had to wait for Mr. Kirkpatrick and the other Atlanta Quarterbacks to recover. When the last back had been slapped and the last tear had been wiped away, Joe added as an apparently sudden afterthought: "What

really hurt me was that Leo didn't even know my name!"

The Quarterbacks roared again, and Joe rushed on:

"Yes, it was the little things that told me it was time to quit. A photographer would come into the clubhouse and say to me, 'Hey, you, hold this while I take a picture of Musial.' Or maybe, before the game, a big rainstorm blows up and we're all huddled there in the dugout. I'm there, wearing a big-league uniform like everybody else, and the clubhouse boy comes up to me and says, 'Joe, run out and get the resin bag, will you?' I mean, man, it's rubbing out there. And then, then maybe it clears up and we're all set to run out for practice. Everybody's talking it up. You know, 'Let's get 'em today, gang. Let's see that old pepper out there.' You know the last thing I'd hear when I started out of the dugout? It wasn't, 'Go get 'em, Joe, boy!' It was, 'Hey, Dago, don't use the mask we're going to use in the game.'"

Joe talked on, regaling his audience with tales of Yogi Berra, with whom he grew up in St. Louis: "Yogi is the kind of a guy who'll make a remark you won't pay much attention to at the time. But then it will come back to haunt you. I remember a bunch of us were discussing the way attendance was falling off in Kansas City. Everybody offered a theory, and then Yogi said, 'Well, if people don't come out to the ball park, who's going to stop them?' You know? It sounds almost right, but it will start keeping you awake nights later on. You'll find yourself walking the floor and asking yourself, 'What did he say, what did he say?'"

In Atlanta, Joe Garagiola gave the impression that he was making up everything as he went along. But actually,

Continued

# The Laughing Season

It's banquet time, and across the land sports heroes are being honored in proceedings that somehow seem almost unbearably hilarious

by GERALD HOLLAND

## The Laughing Season *continued*

except for a preface of local jokes he always manages to pick up, he was telling the same stories he has been using around the circuit for years. He can go on telling them for several years more, for the wintertime sports banquet—an old American institution—seems to be turning into a national mania. The American male cannot get enough of them. From late October through February he may be found in countless armories, gymnasiums, club auditoriums and the ballrooms of grand hotels, swayed by the presence of athletic heroes on the dais, amused beyond reason by the witty remarks of the toastmaster and the principal speakers—oldtime ballplayers like Jimmie Dykes and Lefty Gomez, big-time coaches like Duffy Daugherty and Woody Hayes, newspapermen like Morris Frank of Houston, Warren Brown and John Carmichael of Chicago, football immortals like Harry Stuhldreher of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen.

**S**tuhldreher, who is an executive of U.S. Steel, is perhaps the busiest speaker of all—27 dates in November, 14 in December, 14 in January, 9 in February and 13 in March. His total for a full year usually runs around 250. Stuhldreher is a master spellbinder, as adept at getting laughs as he is at bringing his audience to the verge of tears when he speaks of sports as an almost holy crusade.

No name is too big for banquet sponsors to go after. A year ago, President Kennedy spoke at one of the most elegant banquets, the National Football Foundation's annual dinner at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. One of his neighbors on the dais was Bob Hope. At the foundation's dinner last month the recipient of the Gold Medal Award was Supreme Court Justice Byron (Whizzer) White, who went after laughs with a few remarks about the Kennedy family's passion for touch football. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy was introduced from the floor at this dinner, and the following evening he presented the Heisman Trophy to Quarterback Terry Baker of Oregon State at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York.

Celebrated college football and basketball coaches make themselves available for all kinds of banquets and are especially interested in some of the meat-leaf dinners in high school gymnasiums. The coaches come well equipped with jokes. Sample: "When we got clobbered by Tech last season, my little boy said to me at the dinner table, 'Dad, you ain't much of a coach.' I said to the boy, 'Son, how many times have I told you never to say ain't?'" This brings down the house, and so do certain gimmicks like the one Adolph Rupp of the University of Kentucky favors. After warming up his audience, Rupp will sometimes take off his coat, fling it aside and, as he rolls up his shirtsleeves, cry



out: "Any of you fellows who've got appointments better go now because I'm just getting started here!"

After entertaining the diners, the coaches usually find time for a private word with promising athletes who will be entering college next fall.

The whole business is a lot like oldtime vaudeville, when the same act stood up in town after town. As it happens, one of the banquet circuit's headliners is a former vaudevillian. He is Tommy Richardson, the dapper, white-haired, 65-year-old president of the International Baseball League. For years, in his youth, Tommy had an act with his brother Joe and played theaters from coast to coast. Tommy could go through an entire laughing season without repeating himself. His jokes are the purest com, but he has a million of them. He not only accepts speaking engagements (for a fee), he seeks them. He has business cards, shaped like baseballs, especially made for his highly profitable sideline. The cards bear the legend PUT A "PRO" IN YOUR PROGRAM. Richardson is a master of timing, and his audiences know they can depend upon him for different, if not necessarily new, jokes whenever he comes their way. More often than not, Tommy is likely to skip sporting subjects entirely. One time this season, he found himself on a program with Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame. "Delighted to meet Father Hesburgh here," said Tommy. "Seeing a member of the clergy reminds me of an experience I had at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York a couple of Sundays ago. When the collection plate



*A top star of the banquet circuit, Joe Garagiola flings out his arms like an orchestra leader—playing it strictly for laughs.*

was passed, I put in a ball. Then the ushers came around for a second collection. I kicked in again. Then they came around a third time. I put in what change I had left. And then, lo and behold, if the ushers didn't regroup and start down the aisles a fourth time. Well, a sweet little old lady sitting next to me leaned over and whispered, "What do you think they're going to do now? Search us?"

**T**ommy Richardson, who has more than 40 speaking engagements on the banquet circuit this season, is always "on." In his home town of Williamsport, Pa. people stop him on the street and plead, "Tell us a quick one, Tommy." He never fails them. One time, when he was in Jacksonville early this season, he found that his hotel was entertaining a convention of morticians, a jolly crowd. Tommy signed the register, looked the situation over and slapped the nearest mortician on the back. "Say," he cried, "you look to me like the last man to let a fellow down. Is it true that you're offering a layaway plan these days? And what's this I hear about you boys running a 3¢ sale? Pay an extra penny and you can bring a friend?" Tommy drew a harmonica from his pocket and executed an off-to-Buffalo dance step to his own accompaniment. If anybody had urged him, he certainly would have sung the big number from his old vaudeville act: *You Would Not Think to Look at Me That I Am But a Plumber*.

Richardson will be the principal speaker next week at

one of the nation's largest banquets, the 15th annual dinner sponsored by the newspaper the *Union Leader* of Manchester, N.H. This banquet is a remarkable one-man organizational job by Sports Editor Leo E. Cloutier, who usually disposes of well over 2,000 tickets at \$10 a head (local charities benefit) and, by paying generous fees, lures big baseball names that other banquet chairmen are unable to interest. Last year, for instance, he snared Casey Stengel, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard and half a dozen other topflight personalities. Stengel could be collecting big fees every night during the winter if he cared to, for there is nobody quite his equal in bringing a crowd to the edge of hysteria without their knowing exactly how they got there.

Casey is not accepting banquet dates this season (Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris and Yogi Berra are also unavailable), but it would not be surprising if Ol' Case got the itch at the 40th annual dinner of the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association, an affair that pays no fees but is heavy with prestige. Some years back, Stengel refused a seat on the dais but suddenly appeared there and told a story about "Mr. Berra" that was a classic of awful gibberish. The New York baseball writers, in addition

to their guest speakers and awards, offer a series of skits and songs featuring "inside" baseball humor. If the drinks keep coming to the tables fast enough, the amateur actors score solidly with an audience that usually numbers 1,600 and is likely to be larger this year, since the writers are moving from the Waldorf-Astoria to the new Americana Hotel in order to get more elbow room.

Sportswriters and radio and television broadcasters are great ones for giving banquets. Nowhere across the country is it necessary for them to pay speaker fees—or even expenses. The major league baseball clubs are glad to transport their heroes to the head tables around the circuit. In fact, many clubs keep players on the payroll most of the winter and send them out in what are known as "caravans" to entertain small-town fans who, it is hoped, will turn up at the ball park as cash customers later on. The Minnesota Twins, for example, had two station-wagon loads of players touring a five-state area right after the World Series, with First Baseman Vic Power crosscountrying their trails in his pink Cadillac. It is not necessary for ballplayers to say much more than, "I'm not much of a talker, but I'm sure glad to be here and I just want to say this club of ours is going to be right up there next year." This will bring on a standing ovation and a rush for autographs.

No corner of the nation escapes the epidemic of banquet fever. The Baseball Writers Diamond Dinner is very big in Chicago, drawing about 1,000 guests, but smaller cities can do almost as well. The Lancaster, Pa. sports-

*continued*

## The Laughing Season

writers and radio-television broadcasters filled a hotel ballroom to capacity last season and are likely to do it again January 21, with Army Coach Paul Dietzel as the principal speaker. Harrisburg, not far away, does very well with an affair that features demonstrations of sporting skills by an assortment of stars. Harrisburg also has a question-and-answer period that is very popular. Last season Sonny Liston was on hand and somebody was bold enough to ask him, "Do you think—with your criminal record—that you deserve a chance at Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title?" Liston pondered a moment and then said, "Well, Floyd Patterson ain't no Phi Beta Kappa."

The sportswriters of Minneapolis and St. Paul have taken over the big banquet scheduled for the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis. They plan to put on skits as the New York writers do and are hoping to draw a bigger crowd than last year's banquet in St. Paul, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. Only 1,500 guests showed up. Some people blamed it on the weather. It was 20° below outside.

The annual dinner of the St. Louis Sports Writers is a thriving institution again. It was not held for years because

of a banquet put on during the 1920s that took a long time to forget. The refreshments committee had calculated the liquor consumption at one quart of Prohibition hooch per man. This turned out to be just a little more than enough, because one of the principal guests was a teetotaler—Branch Rickey, then a strapping 45 or so.

Mr. Rickey at the time was general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals—and he had a lot to learn about banquets. Instead of attempting a funny story and sitting down, he saw the occasion as a chance to improve his relations with the press. When called upon for a few words, Mr. Rickey got up and said, "I know that some of you here have believed that, upon occasion, I have not been completely truthful with you. Let me assure you, my dear, good friends, that I have never intentionally misled any newspaperman." He paused for effect and, in the lull, a sportswriter jumped up and cried out, "Well, now, that is a damn lie right there!" As Mr. Rickey shrank into a corner, the greatest brawl in banquet history began. Fisticuffing broke out over a wide range of issues, including the question of whether Rogers Hornsby of the Cardinals was a greater natural hitter than George Sisler of the Browns. Next day the St. Louis writers tore up their association's bylaws and disbanded.

All-out brawling at banquets is a thing of the past, although a friendly punch is thrown here and there and some groups, like the Boxing Writers, can get noisy enough to alarm assistant hotel managers. But by and large the banquet audiences come to the tables in high good humor, laughter-prone, thrilled by the chance to inspect their sporting heroes at close range. At most affairs guests can also take satisfaction in the knowledge that—in addition to enjoying a night out with the boys—they are aiding some worthy charity or a sporting cause like the Olympic Fund. Notable dinners of high purpose include the banquets of the Dapper Dons in Pittsburgh, the Touchdown Club of Columbus, Ohio, the Palo Club in Palo Alto, Calif. and a whole rash of get-togethers in Texas, where \$25-a-plate affairs are common.

Morris Frank, the Houston *Chronicle* columnist, has begun to taper off in his banquet appearances since reaching the age of 60. He now limits himself to about a hundred per year—which means that he turns down at least another hundred. Frank says he has become "banquet-hardened," but thinks there are too many long introductions of "honored guests." Texas banquet sponsors have tried to limit introductions to celebrities seated on the dais, but this has resulted in bigger and bigger head tables and, in some cases, more introductions than ever. Frank still likes banquets enough to decline a fee for many of his engagements.

The Dapper Dun Club of Pittsburgh, which now sponsors an annual banquet that attracts 2,000 or more (2,300 in 1960), grew out of a mythical club created by Sportswriter Al Abrams of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* in his daily col-



Tommy Richardson, baseball executive, plays banquet circuits as he once played oldtime vaudeville.

um. He was in the habit of nominating well-dressed sportsmen around Pittsburgh as Dapper Dons. The Dons began gathering for luncheons and, in 1936, they decided to move up to the banquet league. The first banquet drew 435 guests, the second attracted 600 and the others held since then have been sellouts. Tickets cost \$15 and bring the purchasers one of the best dinners on the circuit as well as the chance to meet current heroes—this year Ralph Terry and Tom Tresh, among others. The banquet usually nets about \$3,000 for Pittsburgh charities. This year the profits will go to Mercy Hospital and will be earmarked for a children's clinic.

It was at one of this season's charity dinners, a \$50-a-plate ticket at New York's Americana Hotel, that television's Ed Sullivan scored a notable first. The dinner was in honor of the "athletes of the decade," and among those on hand were Arnold Palmer, Willie Mays, Warren Spahn, Rocky Marciano, Bob Cousy, Del Miller, Eddie Arcaro and Jimmy Brown. Mr. Sullivan was moved to tell a story. As is well known, he is sometimes a difficult man to follow, but a conscientious notetaker got the impression that Mr. Sullivan spoke as follows:

"I was talking to Eddie Arcaro before the dinner and, well, you all know weight is a big problem with jockeys and so—well, I see Eddie's lovely wife sitting out there and I'm going to ask her to stand up and take a bow, so let's hear it for Mrs. Arcaro. [Applause] Thank you, Mrs. Arcaro and, well, I was talking to Eddie this evening—before—and I said, 'Eddie, keeping your weight down is a big problem with jockeys and I want to ask you, how did you keep your weight down when you were still riding?' 'Well,' Eddie said to me, he said, 'Ed, the way I kept my weight down when I was still riding was just by pushing myself away from the dinner table.'"

Mr. Sullivan stopped and waited. So did the audience, expecting some new twist in an old, old story. There wasn't any twist. There was just dead silence. Then it became clear to everybody that Mr. Sullivan had tried hard for a laugh and failed to get so much as a titter.

During the laughing season, that's not easy. But Mr. Sullivan is an old hand at dealing with just such situations. He ran on Comedian Phil Foster who, in a hilarious monologue about pro football, quickly restored disorder. **END**



*President Kennedy is among the laughers as Bob Hope talks at banquet of the National Football Foundation. In center is Chester J. LaRocca, the president of the foundation.*

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL—NBA.** FOR ANGELES left its home base last night, leaving Boston on offensive rights 125-121 and 106-104. Frank Sinkov scored 16 points, primarily on long field goals, to make the Lakers' first victory possible. With the same goal for the 17th time and with two seconds left, Rudy LaRusso sank two free shots to win the second game. Los Angeles beat Cincinnati and held on to its sole lead in the Western Division. Second-round Boston split four games and Detroit closed in on third place San Francisco by taking three of four. The Warriors had just the offensive end only winning when San Francisco scored 90 points against Chicago. The Zephyrs lost three straight. Second game and a half on Boston in the Eastern Division and Cincinnati took three of five, averaging 119 points a game. New York lost its first and last games but won two in between in an above-average week. In fact, the Knicks came out to wining all four. They lost to the Pistons 101-102 and blew an almost-certain victory when they came up with just one point in the fourth quarter against the Red's, who sent on its way an overtime.

**OWES—BOBBY FISCHER**, almost an octopus at 15, regained the U.S. title he did not defend last year by winning six of his last seven matches.

**FOOTBALL—COLLEGE.** USC's best offensive was the pass—Quarterback Ron Holcomb threw four touchdowns—and its only defense was the clock at it held on to victory, 42-37, in the Rose Bowl. Wisconsin, trailing 42-14 in the final period, scored three touchdowns and a safety before game time. Badger Quarterback Ron VanderKam completed 11 of 40 passes for 405 yards. In the Sugar Bowl, MISSISSIPPI augmented Gino Grieco's passing, good for 200 yards and one score, with a receiver, declared to drive Arkansas 17-13. Arkansas ran an even tougher season in the Cotton Bowl. The Longhorns never got inside the ECU 25-yard line as they lost 13-9. Lynn Aronson of the Tigers, however, managed all over, running and punting as at two field goals, which he personally kicked, and recovering a fumble before teammate Jimmy Field's 23-yard touchdown run. President Kennedy was on guard at the game. He sat in a brown corded chair, but ALABAMA Quarterback Joe Namath looked as if he had been bored after the President's racket. Ed Dick, Wisconsin caught a 25- and scored twice. Namath's 100-yard run set up a 10-0 win over Oklahoma. South Oklahoma's Blaine Williams said "We were out-coached." It was defense again that won in the Sugar Bowl, though Tommy Shannon's two touchdowns gave Florida the offensive punch to upset Penn State 17-7. Although Jerry Goss, Denver on Senior Bowl marks with 24 completions for 413 yards, it was three touchdowns, though, by Mississippi's Gandy that enabled the SOUTH to prevail 31-21.

**NFL.** DETROIT, with Kin Wells scoring on a 26-yard pass from Milt Pletch and a carry-and-run, beat Pittsburgh 17-10 in the Playoff Bowl in Miami.

**HOCKEY—NHL.** TORONTO lost twice and trailed last place Boston 3-0 before realizing for a 4-2 win over the Bruins and, a day later, a 5-1 conquest of Chicago, thus ending a week that left the Maple Leafs and Black Hawks tied for the bottom spot in the tight NHL race. Game four, Phoenix allowed six three goals as Montreal 12-8 in a goal to within one point of the four-goal lead, while Detroit could only manage one loss and two ties. League scoring leader Andy Bathgate of New York (11-17) set a modern record when he got a goal in 10 consecutive games. Boston began by scoring three goals in the first 10 minutes to tie the Red Wings 5-5, but lost twice between these displays of power.

**MOTOR SPORTS—JOHN SURTIS** of Britain, a former world motorcycle champion, took the 160-mile New Zealand Grand Prix in his 271 Lita in Auckland. World Champion Graham Hill was running second until forced out by clutch trouble on the last lap.

**ROODE—JIM SHOULDER** of Hennevis, Oklahoma won the All-Round Cowboy award and Eddie Conway of Garber, Ariz. was the top money winner (\$1,864) at the Cotton Bowl Rodeo in Dallas.

**SKIING—TORALF ENGIN**, 26-year-old Norwegian, was the unofficial world-skiing champion after breaking first at Oberstdorf, Immenstadt and Garmisch-Partenkirchen and third at Biberachhofen in the International Four-Hill competition. Thorpeyda Eggseth of Norway was second Top

U.S. jumper was John Balfanz, 22, whose surprisingly good fourth-place performance bolstered the country's hopes for a second Winter Olympics showing at 1968.

**BLU WERNER**, a senior at the University of Colorado, and **BARBARA FERRIES**, a Colorado freshman, won the men's and women's slalom titles at the country's first Olympic Alpine training camp in Vail, Colo. (see page 12).

**SQUASH RACQUETS—HARISH KHAH**, a Detroit professional, defeated Moulshah Khan in his nephew, 15-8, 10-12, 15-11, 11-13, 13-12 for the U.S. Open singles title in New York.

**TENNIS—CHUCK MCINLIS** of St. Ann, Mo., lost his first game in his best, defeated Frank Froehling of Coral Gables, Fla. 6-3, 6-4, 6-4, 3-6, 6-3 in the finals of the Sugar Bowl tournament in New Orleans. Together with Cliff Richey of Emory University, McKinley also won the doubles trophy, defeating Australian John Shapcote and Don Russell 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

**TRAMP & POLE—PETER SNEEL** of New Zealand took the lead in the final 100 yards, then looked over his shoulder (nose and head) to check to get to the tape ahead of Oregon's Duane Bledsoe, winning an 880-yard race by a stride in 4:48, in Warmack, New Zealand.

**WRESTLING.** An eight-man team was selected to represent the U.S. in the Pan American Games in San Paulo, Brazil in April. Winners of the (youths) at Oklahoma State University were: 130 lbs., New York (AC 1018-5 pounds); Bill Radtke, Miami Park (Mick 1 AC 1025-15); Ron Peters, Oregon State (10-15); Long Beach, Calif. (10-15); Dan Brown, Fitzgerald Hotel (AC 1071-5); Jim Ferguson, San Francisco Olympic Club (10-15); Dan Brand, USC (10-15); and Houston's double Olympic gold medalist, Steve Naele, the only one who is still competing in college.

**MILEPOSTS—NAMEO JIM BEATTY**, 26, the 5-5, 150-lb. 120-pounder who retired from track for three years after the 1956 Olympic trials, and who highlighted his return to competition by running the first sub-four-minute indoor mile with a 3:59.9 in Los Angeles last February, overcame the odds of a 100-lb. weight loss to win the 1967 mile race for the second year in a row in the West Light Trolley Koro of Honolulu.

**NAMEO HARBANOVSKA**, 32, former defensive coach with New York and Los Angeles as head coach of the Bears, is now head coach on a temporary basis after Bob Waterfield left the team last November.

**NAMEO EDDIE CROWDER**, 31, former quarterback for Oklahoma and an assistant coach there for six years, as head coach at New Orleans' Tulane University for a five-year stint, becoming the first Colorado football coach with on the school's payroll.

**FOUND HOWIE YOUNG**, environmentalist, defendant for Detroit, lost days after disappearing in Chicago following the 1967 race, which he lost, after a monumental task.

**SETTLED.** Ohio Attorney General Mark McElroy was to settle the sale of the Cincinnati Reds by the Power Crowley Foundation to Bill DeWitt. The team approved the sale, but insisted that DeWitt must raise the team for at least 10 years and that four prominent Cincinnati be added to the club's board of directors.

**SUPPRESSED.** JIM GUFFEE, outstanding half-miler from Southern Illinois, for an indefinite time by the AAU for competing last October in a meet sponsored by the U.S. Track and Field Federation. He is the first prominent athlete punished as a result of the rift between the AAU and USTF.

**OLD HUGERS HORNBY**, 66, an undefeated 100-lb. left in 1961 he said "I've changed, or someone on my team has changed, or almost every game I've been in." He was undefeated in 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 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# Basketball's Week

by **MERVIN HYMAN** and **TOM C. BRODY**

The final holiday tournaments ended last week, the big month of inter-sectional play was over and a few highly touted high-school teams had to quietly tiptoe back home with egg on their faces. But by and large such familiar names as Cincinnati (No. 1, of course), Duke and Ohio State were arrayed in the top 10 and the season was following form. It was following form, that is, except for Loyola of Chicago, a sprawling institution on Chicago's North Side.

Out of the tiny gym there has come the No. 2-ranked team in the country. It doesn't have much height, it doesn't have much depth and it hasn't had much notoriety. What it does have is speed and endurance—attributes it is making use of in an almost unheard-of fashion. By simultaneously running a pell-mell offense and a swarming all-court defense—the team considers it a personal affront when the opposition gets to touch the ball for a second or two—Loyola is far and away the highest-scoring team in the country. Averaging 99.3 points a game (Morehead State is second, some 11 points behind), the Ramblers recently scored 123 in a single game (against Western Michigan) and might have made it 1123 if they had tried. Last week Loyola gave little Marshall the express-train treatment, 104-58, and then ran past its brother school from down South, Loyola of New Orleans, 88-53. These were the Ramblers' 12th and 13th straight wins and, if some of the opposition has been weak, the record is still impressive.

Basketball has been the major sport at Loyola since that day in 1930 when the Catholic fathers decided to leave football to the Big Ten and the Big Bears. To make sure their anti-football decision would not be quickly revoked, they had the school's large concrete stadium torn down and carried off to the other end of town. All that remains today are the rest rooms, now used as work rooms for radioactive projects.

The next move in the race to the big time was the hiring of George Ireland as head coach. Ireland was signed up in 1951, was given a new three-year contract in 1954 and was operated on for a bleeding ulcer in 1956—classic form for an earnest young coach with a firm, if unorthodox, idea of how the game of basketball should be played and hard-meat-down players too ponderous to make those ideas work.

Ireland lived patiently with his quarter of a stomach and undistinguished seasons while trying to gather athletes who could play the game his way—namely, running when they had the ball and running when they didn't. His wants sounded simple

enough, but only the toughest, quickest kind of players could hope to meet such standards. "Big men are fine," he said, "but first I want quick men who can shoot." He had a good hunch he wouldn't find many of these standing around Seward Road and Devon Avenue pleading with the registrar to get into Loyola. So, though Loyola's teams in the past had traditionally been manned by boys who scarcely lived within a long jump shot of Chicago, Ireland began recruiting against the name colleges all over the country. He had more than a little success, and a bit of luck as well. The best example of success was the finding of a 6-foot-2 jumping wonder named Jerry Harkness, who felt right at home in the city. He had been raised in The Bronx, N.Y. A senior and leader of the young Loyola squad, Harkness whirled around the court with ghostly quickness, scoring well with his left-handed jump shot and leading the charge in the team's closing, ball-stealing defense.

The luck came when Ireland almost got a top prospect from Nashville's all-Negro Pearl High School. At the last minute the boy decided to go to UCLA. "Don't you bet, George," said Pearl's embarrassed William Gupton. "You come back next year and I'll show you two boys who'll make you forget all about this other kid." Gupton was right. What Ireland saw that next year was 6-foot-7 Leslie Hunter and 6-foot-6 Vic Rouse. Both were strong, good jumpers and could score. Hunter and Rouse now form two-thirds of Loyola's starting front line.

The coach then ranged back to the Harlem River for Guards Ron Miller and Paul (Pablo) Robertson, added a suggestion of local talent with a tough little Irishman named John Egan from Chicago's South Side, and went to Cleveland, Cincinnati and Racine for bench strength.

Ireland greeted each of his hand-picked crew this fall with a plump red vitamin pill and started them running outside. "Five miles a day," said Ireland, "and, believe me, when that first game came around they were ready."

They were shooting, too, thanks to small rims Ireland had placed inside the regulation baskets for practices. It was, at first, an unhappy sensation for the players when their softly arched and well-placed practice shots bounced out. When Ireland wasn't looking they removed the infernal devices. Ireland fixed that by putting the little rims back and holding them in place. "Now the regular basket seems as big as Lake Michigan," says Jerry Harkness.



By the time the season began, however, offensive basketball was no longer an issue during practices. "We work on our pressing defense," said Ireland, "because it's the most difficult thing in basketball to master. Timing must be perfect and you've got to be tough."

The fact that Loyola uses its press for nearly the whole game without adequate bench strength—it is essentially a seven-man squad—gives some indication of just how tough this team is. Only during the recent All-College Tournament in Oklahoma City did Ireland let up on the all-court harassment. Three successive nights it would have been too much, even for Loyola. "We used it in spots," said Ireland, "mostly as a tactical weapon." Loyola's scores dipped, but it

went right on winning handily just the same.

Last week it was back to the full-time press again. Loyola of New Orleans used slowdown tactics to keep the Ramblers off their accustomed scoring pace in the first half, but a second-half spurge netted 58.

Loyola's stiffest competition comes in the second half of the season (Houston, Bowling Green and Wichita), but even a good team may react to the prospect of playing against the Ramblers' press much the way one Marshall guard did last week. He started fearfully down the court with the ball, expecting to be challenged at once. Jerry Harkness, a full 15 feet away, stomped his foot hard on the floor. The unnerved Marshall player threw the ball backward over his own head, and out-of-bounds.

#### THE MIDWEST

There was no stopping Cincinnati, and two good teams tried last week. **Houston** attempted a zone defense, but Tom Thacker and Ron Bonham shot the Cougars out of it early and Cincinnati went on to win 79-56. **Wichita**, the Bears' strongest foe to date, was slightly more obstinate. But Cincinnati refused to panic, even when the Shockers shifted to a pressing defense. Defending militantly and attacking with their usual precision, the champions got the ball to George Walton, who scored 20 points, and won 63-50. It was their 29th straight and 66th in a row at home.

But Cincinnati's Missouri Valley competition isn't willing to concede yet. **Bradley** was still winning, over Tulsa 72-58 and **North Texas State** 95-68, and **St. Louis**, despite the loss of most of its muscle—6-foot-8 Gary Garrison was still nursing a knee injury and Dave Harris suffered a severe ankle sprain—looked good enough to concern the Bears. The close-guarding Bills, with Donnell Reed doubling Kentucky's Cotton Nash to distraction, trounced the Wildcats 87-63, then beat **North Texas State** 71-59. When Tulsa threw up a collapsing zone, the Bills blooped passes over it to Bill Nordmann and St. Louis won easily, 70-45.

**Illinois** and **Wisconsin** got off to an expected good start in the Big Ten race. The Illini, after losing their first game of the year to **Notre Dame**, 90-88, beat **Iowa** 85-76 in the conference opener, while Wisconsin rallied to overtake **Purdue** 74-66. But defending champion **Ohio State**, hard put to hold off **Brigham Young** 87-91, had even more trouble with **Minnesota**. Only the better-skiller hustle of Gary Bradds, who scored 27 points, and some last-minute outside shooting by little Dick Reasbeck saved a 78-76 victory for the young Bucks. **Michigan**, too, had problems. The Wolverines edged **Northwestern** 78-75 on Tom Cole's

three-point play. **Iowa** finally righted itself to beat **Michigan State** 96-84.

**Kansas**, a recent tournament champion, learned the facts of Big Eight life in a hurry. The Jayhawkers swarmed over **Colorado's** Ken Charlton. They double- and triple-teamed him and once even assigned four men to him. But they needed six. Charlton made 11 of 13 shots, 13 of 13 foul tries, and **Colorado** won 71-57. In other games, **Oklahoma State** beat **Iowa State** 44-42 and **Oklahoma** outlast **Missouri** 84-78.

In the Mid-American, **Ohio U.** caught **Bowling Green** without Harold Kottmeier, its ailing star guard, and beat the Falcons 61-56. **Notre Dame**, playing the off-tackle smash kind of basketball that Coach Johnny Jordan dearly loves but hasn't seen much of in recent years, beat **Illinois** and **Indiana** (73-70), before losing to **North Carolina** 76-68. **Marquette** won twice, over **Detroit** 85-76 and **Louisville** 68-64; **DePaul** downed **Baldwin Wallace** 89-70 and **Western Ontario** 70-45. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (10-0)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (10-0)
3. ALBANY (7-1)

#### THE EAST

It was a good week for Philadelphia teams. St. Joseph's converged both its smothering man-to-man and zone defenses on **Seton Hall's** Nick Werkman, the nation's leading scorer. Werkman managed 27 points, well below his 36-point average, but the Hawks had plenty of scorers, like Jimmy Lynam (20), Tom Wynne (19) and Jim Boyle (16), to make up for Werkman as they won, 92-75. **Penn.** opened its Ivy League schedule by beating its toughest rival, **Princeton**. The Tigers' Bill Bradley, with 26 points, harassed the Quakers until almost the very end when Sid Amara sank four foul shots to win for Penn, 65-62. **LaSalle**, meanwhile, beat **Miami**. The Explorers knew they

continued



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## BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

couldn't match rebounds with Miami's 7-foot-1 Mike McCoy and 6-foot-7 Rick Barry, so they took their chances from the outside. Frank Corace threw in 25 points, Tony Abbott added 20 more and LaSalle held off a last-gasp rally to win 78-76. Earlier, Miami's looming troubles were hinted at in their performance against sub-par St. John's in New York. The Redmen, armed with little more than willingness and Coach Joe Lapchick's astuteness, battled Miami furiously before losing, 67-59.

Plus, more proficient than it has been in years, came from behind to beat Princeton 71-62, then stopped a Syracuse rally with a withering press, winning 87-51. NYU, still getting its impetus from Barry Kramer, beat Iowa 70-60 and Army 82-68. In other games, Villanova stopped Detroit 77-60; Niagara beat Belmont Abbey 70-52; Canisius edged St. John's 52-49; Temple lost twice, to Delaware 64-52 and Penn State 78-51. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (9-3)
2. NYU (7-2)
3. PITT (6-1)

### THE SOUTH

Mississippi State found a way to beat Auburn's shuffle. The Bulldogs simply shuffled right along with the Tigers. In fact, State's defense was so stifling that Auburn went 11 straight minutes in the first half without a field goal and seven in the second half. Meanwhile, W. D. Stroud scored 19 points and Auburn's unbeaten record went shuffling away 62-53.

While Auburn stumbled, undefeated Georgia Tech took advantage of Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp's irritation to beat his Wildcats 86-85 in double overtime at Lexington. Annoyed by Cotton Nash's failure to shoot enough, Rupp benched his star midway in the second half and kept him sitting there for the rest of the night. The Baron undoubtedly made his point, but Tech won the ball game on Mike Tomaszewski's two free throws with seven seconds to play.

North Carolina State tried the "no shoot" method against Duke's running game and came away empty-handed. State took only 10 shots in the first half and made eight, but still Duke led 34-22. Then Art Heyman and his single-minded friends, fed up with the Wolfpack's slowdown, began to run at full speed. Heyman scored 25 points and Duke won 78-52. Earlier, the Blue Devils beat Virginia 82-65. Wake Forest overwhelmed Clemson 80-62.

If West Virginia students meant to stir up the sometimes lethargic Mountaineers when they hanged Coach George King in effigy after his team beat VMI only 86-74, they certainly succeeded. The next night Rod Thorn poured in 28 points and West Virginia crushed Furman 104-71. But the Mountain-

eers still had plenty of unbeaten company in the Southern Conference. Davidson won again, over William & Mary 73-70, while Virginia Tech made its foul shots count (19 for 20) to beat Virginia 71-63. The top three:

1. DUKE (10-2)
2. GEORGIA TECH (9-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (9-2)

### THE SOUTHWEST

Forn is a rare commodity at best in the Southwest Conference, and last week it was almost extinct. SMU was upset twice, Texas began to win after a frustrating December and Texas A&M, an unlikely preseason candidate, was tied with the Longhorns for first place. Arkansas was the first to tumble SMU, 73-71, then Baylor, even more unexpectedly, beat the Mustangs, 62-58. Texas put down Rice 54-49 and, when Arkansas tried to thwart the Longhorns with a live press, they dropped in nine free throws in the last five minutes to win, 69-63. Meanwhile, Texas A&M beat Baylor 80-54 and Texas Tech 60-53.

Arkansas State survived a pair of close calls. Denver pulled the Sun Devils into overtime before losing, 79-72, and Texas Western gave them trouble until jumping Joe Caldwell bobbed up with enough points for a 63-60 victory. In between, New Mexico State succumbed easily enough, 87-60. Houston, back home in more friendly confines, beat Oklahoma City 91-80. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (12-1)
2. TEXAS A&M (9-1)
3. TEXAS WESTERN (10-4)

### THE WEST

The results in the first week made it anybody's race in the Big Six, especially after Washington joined highly favored UCLA twice at Seattle. The Huskies, acting and driving off tricky screens, defeated the Bruins 62-61 and 67-63. But California, an enigma last year, was acting like a champion. Led by Dick Smith's ball-stealing and jump shots and sophomore Danny Wolthers' consistent scoring, Cal stopped USC 72-45 and 78-70.

Oregon State's Shits Gill put 6-foot-7 Jim Kraus up front to help 7-foot Mel Counts with the rebounds, and Washington State rarely got the ball. Terry Baker led the quarterbacking, Counts most of the scoring and OSU beat State 74-67 and 61-50.

Utah State embarrassed old rival Utah 69-65 and Brigham Young 69-58, while Colorado State, although unable to stop Wyoming's brilliant Flynn Robinson, who scored 39 points, still defeated the Cowboys 91-70 and then Denver 76-65. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (10-3)
2. CALIFORNIA (10-3)
3. UOLA (10-4)



## Why Willis Slane built his Hatteras yacht of fiberglass rather than wood

Sportsman Slane originally owned a wood boat.

"But I didn't really own it. It owned me."

In looking around for a boat that was easier to maintain, he was impressed with fiberglass. Tests proved that it was the strongest material available for marine construction.

The Navy has used it since 1947, now has more than 1200 fiberglass boats in service. (In fact, 85% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and the Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.)

Slane found that there were small fiberglass boats and large expensive custom-built fiberglass boats. But he couldn't find what he wanted—a large 40 foot moderately priced fiberglass boat.

If he felt such a boat so desirable, maybe others would, too. Maybe there was a market—.

There was. The Hatteras Yacht Company was founded three years ago and production hasn't caught up with sales, though the plant has been expanded four times.

### Fiberglass makes the Hatteras easy, more economical to maintain

Owners aren't plagued with loose fastenings, rust, dry-rot, marine-borers, caulking or sanding. And you never have to paint for protection. (You may want to paint for appearance, but it's not necessary).

Pete Welch of Welch Marine, Pier 66, Fort Lauderdale, rents out both wood and fiberglass boats. With the Hatteras he says he saves about 60% on hull upkeep.

### Fiberglass gives the Hatteras an extra degree of safety

Because of its use of reinforced fiberglass in reinforced longitudinal stringers—and athwartship bulkheads—she takes the shock of heavy seas and effects of collision better than boats built of other materials.

Neither the one-piece molded hull nor the superstructure has any seams or joints.

The Hatteras is remarkably comfortable; designers say fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

### Fiberglass gives the Hatteras more usable space

The roominess comes as a surprise to owners of wood boats. Molded construction eliminates beams, ribs and frames. This means that *all* of the inside is usable.

Except for this extra space, the interior of the Hatteras is about the same as other good boats of comparable size and price.

There may be two differences: the way the Philippine mahogany is finished and the cabinet work.

The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., a furniture center, so the craftsmanship is superior.

Hank Bowman, contributing editor of *Popular Boating*, wrote:

*"After testing the Hatteras-41 I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series."*

The Hatteras is built to fiberglass standards set by Gibbs & Cox, architects and engineers of the liner United States. It was designed by J. B. Hargrave, whose forte is yachts costing \$250,000 and up.

### The Hatteras is available in four models

Price of the four models, well equipped: 34 foot sports cruiser, \$21,000; 34 foot double cabin, \$24,000; 41 foot convertible yacht fisherman, \$36,000; 41 foot double cabin, \$39,000. (This last has more usable space than popular 45 foot wood boats.)

If you'd like to board a Hatteras, it's advisable to write for the name of your nearest dealer. Not all dealers sell the Hatteras. (Dealers are carefully selected and their territories protected).

When you go to see the Hatteras—better bring along your sales resistance. People have a way of weakening when they see her. The Hatteras Yacht Company, Dept. SI-163, High Point, North Carolina.

Willis Slane with the Hatteras 41 Convertible. See the Hatteras line, New York Boat Show, January 9-20, and Miami Boat Show, February 15-20.

## Whatever Happened to the Little Old Sailmaker?

by PEGGY DOWNEY

He was a little old man in a faded blue shirt and overalls, and he sat and sewed in a sunny nook of a boatyard stitching cotton into sails as his father and grandfather had done before him. What happened to him? He vanished. "The old sailmakers were men who worked with their hands," says 17-year-old Owen C. Torrey Jr., one of the new breed. "Now they're men like myself who can't even sew." Torrey gave up a comfortable law practice to bounce sneaker-footed around a cluttered sail loft, and he is just one of many educated, analytical designers who have banished the simple old landlocked sailmaker. One of the world's best sailmakers is Lowell North of San Diego, three-time Star class world sailing champion and a structural engineering graduate of California. Joe Caldwell of Savannah prepared for his family's sailmaking business (they outfit Rebel and Thistle classes) by getting a degree in aeronautical engineering at Notre Dame. Versatile Ted Hood of Marblehead, Mass.,

whose sails dressed most of last year's America's Cup yachts, studied engineering at Boston's Wentworth Institute.

Owen Torrey himself is a Harvard graduate with a law degree from Columbia. As an admiralty lawyer in New York, he was well on his way to a promising career in this field when he ditched it two years ago to take over the design department of Hard Sails, Inc., a modern, rapidly expanding loft in Islip, on Long Island.

"We have three college graduates working here," says Torrey. He is a tall, square man who, except for white sailing shoes, dresses in the regimental tailoring of Wall Street. But at Hard, he's just one of the many. Its directors' echelon is impressively laden with professional men in Brooks Brothers or Bond Street suits. Hard's president, Wallace C. Ross, is a Cornell graduate and dresses the part. Herman Schwab is a vice-president of the Empire Trust Company. John Snedeker is the business manager for Grumman's man-on-the-moon project

and the TTX plane contract. W. Mahlon Dickerson is a partner in an admiralty law firm, and Peter Paige is a personnel director at the Brookhaven atomic energy peacetime plant.

The sweeping change in sailmaking tradition is a result of two revolutions—the exploding boating boom (some 500,000 sailboats are now afloat) and the successful adaptation of synthetic cloth for sails. The dockside has expanded into a bustling, lucrative marketplace. In it, once-avid weekend sailors like Torrey and Ross have discovered that they can profitably turn their avocation into vocation, making a living doing precisely what they like to do. Profit is Hard's sizable \$505,000 gross last year, one of the tops in the field.

With their degrees and business acumen, analytical men like Torrey and North have brought a spanking fresh breeze to the trade. They have helped make today's sails better than ever before. "The advent of stable, synthetic material makes it rewarding for us to

continue to



SCIENTIFIC SAILMAKERS OWEN TORREY (LEFT) AND WALLY ROSS REPRESENT THE NEW IMAGE OF THEIR TRADE



## Winter Carnival in Québec at the Château Frontenac

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## SAILMAKER

take pains to be accurate," says Torrey. For years the best sails were made of Egyptian cotton, but their manufacture was a hit-or-miss business with an accent on the miss. They needed delicate, time-consuming breaking in (a process on which no two sailors ever agreed), and even then they seldom held their shape. In the early 1950s the synthetics—nylon, Orlon and Dacron—appeared. At first there were messy problems: sails, for instance, fell apart at the seams. Gradually the textile makers either eliminated or overcame these difficulties, and Dacron (nylon is used for spinnakers) became the definitive material for sails. Dacron is not only stronger than cotton and less perishable but it keeps its shape. It's this stability that allows sailmakers like Torrey to take full advantage of aerodynamic techniques and permits them to test radically experimental theories on what drives a boat best. As a result, yachting advertisements now read like a page from *Scientific American*. "Engineered sails for superior performance," trumpets one company; "Cut to the best scientific shape," heralds another.

Ross and Torrey are pioneers in this new science. Alone among sailmakers, Torrey plots intricate mathematical equations according to aerodynamic theories. His figures become the actual blueprint for cutting, thus eliminating casual eye judgment. By controlling curves to the nth degree on paper, the Hard task force can duplicate a winning design in a way impossible to the old-timers. With Torrey's curves and graphs a Lightning mainsail, for example, can be translated into a perfectly functioning man for a larger 5.5-meter. And, more important, both can be reproduced again and again without repeating the cut-and-try processes of the oldsters.

All Hard sails are cut from master curves that Torrey formulates from given knowns. He makes scores of computations based on the length of the mast and boom, sail area and stretch of the cloth. Then he plots three separate control curves: one for the spar bend, one for the draft and one for the cloth. Mathematically enlarged by the microscope of a graph, the resultant curves permit Torrey to determine the desired aerodynamic shape with infinite precision.

Even greater controls are in the offing—an a year or two Hard hopes to be using a computer to work out formulas,

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doing a week's work in minutes. Overlying the mathematics and computers, however, is the special sailorman's talent for envisioning the sail. As Torrey explains, "First you must make the subjective choice of calculating the fullness and location of the maximum draft. Making that choice," he says, "is based on your experience as a sailor."

Neither Torrey nor Ross had any intention of revolutionizing the sail business when they started in. Ross didn't even intend to become a sailmaker. "I was working for a radio station," he says, "and Hard was one of my accounts." Fascinated with the sail loft when he began doing business there in 1954, Ross hung around so much that finally the owner, his friend William Hard, snapped, "Look, you spend so much time here, why don't you buy it?" Ross didn't actually answer, "All right, I will," but he did mull the idea over that night with a friend, Peter Paige. "He was enchanted with the idea," Ross says, "and the next day we bought it."

For \$17,500 Ross and Paige got a barnlike building and a company with a leaky volume of business, roughly equivalent to the purchase price. Ross took immediate command, kept the name and plugged the holes with new management. Then he quickly found that his entry into sailmaking coincided with the coming of synthetics. "We stuck our neck out and decided to use only Dacron," he says, believing that Hard was the first to work exclusively with this material. The decision gave Hard a big jump on the competition. An even bigger one came in the 6-foot-2, 175-pound person of Owen Torrey. Ross and Torrey had known each other for years as Long Island Sound racers. Torrey had his own ideas about sails and, shortly after Ross bought the company, the two met after a race in the convivial gloaming of the Tap Room of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Torrey promptly became a stockholder, a vice-president and the designer. With his slide rule, he began plotting curves on the commuter train. His first formula-cut mainsail appeared about a year later. Told by a group of Connecticut hotshots that the curve was too radical, Hard made it anyway. Bill Cox put it on his Lightning, won the world championship in Buffalo, and Hard's orders began to soar.

"It seemed to be the miraculous answer that sailmakers had been dreaming about for years," Ross later wrote to his customers. "But we were soon to find

continued



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## SAILMAKER continued

out that the picture was not so rosy." They had calculated the draft only. At that time Lightning racers sailed with a rigid mast, but some of the other one-designs raced with a bend in the mast. So Torrey went back to work plotting a second curve to allow for spar flexibility. Later he computed a third for differences in cloth.

During the six years it took them to evolve their formulas, Ross and Torrey also experimented drastically with spinners. Drawing extensively from parachute research, they innovated a cross-cut spherical chute that sold more spinners than any other company. They've since worked out a flatter shape that they believe to be even more successful.

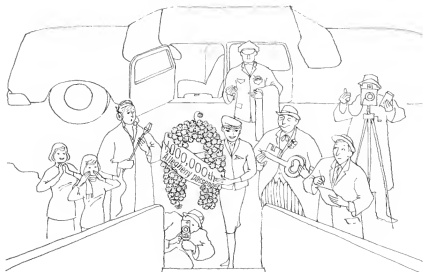
Hoisted by its own spinners, Hard grew fast, but with expansion came competition. Since Hard's initial success with Lightnings, other analytically designed sails have appeared. "Now Murphy & Nye of Chicago have one that's tough to beat," says still another competitor.

Bob Seidelmann of New Jersey. "A sail to a skipper is like horsepower to an auto driver," says Murphy & Nye's Dick Stearns, world Star class champion. "He is interested in only one thing, how fast can it make the boat go?" Cost, durability and other considerations are way down the list. "In this tough, Detroitlike arena, the leaders must constantly improve to stay on top. Lowell North has, for example, brought forth a roach-reef system, which is a complicated name for an ingeniously simple way of varying draft even while racing by trimming the main with a line connected to the tack. One of the more dazzlingly unorthodox new designs comes from a young industrial designer, Andrew T. Kosiarecki, who developed a way of laminating sails by using glue and nylon spinner tape. Manufactured by Raves & Lapthorn Inc., the Laminair is probably the smoothest sail ever made, but only time and use will tell whether the experiment will stick.

For, despite scientific techniques, sailmaking is still a trial-and-error process. "There's still a much more useful research about what really makes a boat go," Torrey says. "We don't have millions to spend on wind tunnels and, even if we did, there are so many variables like wind changes, how the mast is stepped, a dirty bottom, how the skipper handles the helm and so on. But with mathematics, we can at least get into the ballpark."

END





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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## HEADLONG HERITAGE

Sirs:

Thank you for a wonderful Christmas present—Catherine Drinker Bowen's *Our Heritage of Boldness* (Dec. 24). I wish every child in America could read it. It has the surge and vitality of America. And it also has the wonderful old-fashioned patriotism. Most magazine articles criticize and belittle. We need more of such shining faith in our creed and our destiny. Even the prevalent cynics must applaud Mrs. Bowen, for she does not gloss over our mistakes—just puts them in perspective without apology.

HELEN CHURCHWARD

Seal Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

In trying to sum up the essential character of the Bold American we would do well to remember these words of Theodore Roosevelt: "Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checked by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."

JOHN A. STAPLES

Honolulu

Sirs:

Catherine Drinker Bowen is distinctly a product of the exploits of boldness described in her own essay, for she recently dared to tread where no woman had. This past October she became the very first woman in the 97-year history of Lehigh University, where only men are admitted to its colleges, to deliver the commencement address and to receive an honorary degree at Founder's Day exercises.

In her address she said, "Your 'Intellectual Man' is of all people a searcher after reality, a man who runs headlong into life, not away from it."

SAMUEL I. CONNOR

Bethlehem, Pa.

## YOUNG TIMERS

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED scored high in the opinion and memories of many of us young oldsters by including, all in one issue (Dec. 24), *Our Heritage of Boldness* by Catherine Drinker Bowen; *The Non-organization Boy*; and *Frank Merriwell's Triumph* by Robert H. Boyle. My compliments to all three of your authors.

The first one inspired us, and the others aroused pleasant memories.

I could add to the homemade concoctions diagramed for non-organization boys. Say, the wooden barrel-stave coasters, for use on snow-covered slopes, and the dart, made from a shingle, thrown high into the sky by the simple sling made from a small 24-inch branch and a piece of twine with a knot in the end to hitch to the notch on the dart.

Flying kites and shooting them with darts might be an up-to-date activity of the present brand of youngsters.

HAROLD S. DEGROOT

Newton, Conn.

## FRANK'S FRIENDS

Sirs:

Thank you for your story on Frank Merriwell. How good it is to recall there used to be such things as good and evil.

I feel that if Frank Merriwell were to return to Yale today he would not find things too awfully different. There is still that one attitude which demands that a man be accepted for what he is, even if it is not varsity athletics. Actually, Frank Merriwell is here, on our elm-shaded campus, still singing *Bingo*, still concerned not just with victory but with developing the characteristics which define the Yale man. Let us not forget him.

EDWARD L. SMICK

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Just read your year-end edition.

(This is your finest hour!)

(Aside to Robert H. Boyle, the Matthew, Mark, Luke and John of Frank Merriwell: You just wrote the gospel on our peerless leader.)

Bulks and toadies all over the world are reeling back. Strength to the arm of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!

JOSEPH GRAMAM

President and Beloved Founder of the Friends of Frank Merriwell

New Shrewsbury, N.J.

Sirs:

Why don't you republish all of Frank Merriwell? You might have to transfer him to Penn State now that the Yales are less sporting—big time, that is. When not making touchdowns, Frank might foil the snarlers in boxing, teach a lesson to the torturers who are in the Tennessee Walking Horse business and help us with an Olympic team lift. As an encore, we could send him to Russia for an 8-foot high jump while on a goodwill tour. Doubtless, this would lead

to a settlement of the atomic energy problem with Russia, too.

As a democratic gesture he might teach a few of the New York Mets to pitch the "double shoot" and to hit the "horseshoe." I would like my son to read Merriwell, as would many idealistic people.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carls, Pa.

## INCOMPLETED PASS

Sirs:

Your issue of Dec. 24 left me quite frustrated. There were just too many articles too far removed from your basic *raison d'être*.

Fortunately, Charles Goren came to the rescue. This was his best quiz ever, and I am looking forward to using excerpts on my students. However, I strongly disagree with the answer to No. 18. No score for a forcing pass? Is partner (holding 5-5-2-1, 5-5-1-2 or even 4-5-2-2) supposed to pull the double? We might be cold for game, or even slam at spades, yet be lucky to beat two clubs one trick. Surely the pass deserves at least 4 out of a possible 5 points?

IVAN E. EREDS

Los Angeles

South holds:



SOUTH 1 ♠ WEST 1 ♠ NORTH DBL EAST 2 ♠

DOUBLE—5 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS.

2 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

● "Charge my account two points," says Charles Goren. "A pass at this point is sound procedure and should have been given credit."—ED.

## REMATCHES

Sirs:

Why hold the NCAA basketball championships at all this year? Why not just crown Cincinnati right now? Both of your articles (SCOUTING REPORTS, Dec. 10; *The Boarscans Solve a Problem for Ed*, Dec. 24) left me with the impression that Cincinnati might give the Boston Celtics a hard time. You say Cincinnati has four starters

returning from the team that won last year's NCAA championships. Let me remind you of their semifinal game with UCLA. The final score was 72-70, and I see nothing decisive about that. Also I recall that Paul Hogue was much more responsible for the victory than the other four players. Could Ed Junker and Cincinnati be persuaded to show up for a rematch?

ROBERT F. PUCILLA

Long Beach, Calif

Sirs:

I thought it was downright dumb of you to rank the Ohio State Buckeyes No. 12. They deserve higher recognition even though they have lost Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek and Mel Nowell! To prove my point, Ohio State won its first four games by fairly good scores—for instance, Ohio State 62, Utah State 30, and Ohio State 84, St. Louis 59, the latter of which you picked No. 8. Any questions?

DAVID FRASURE

Lancaster, Ohio

Sirs:

The Southern Conference's Virginia Polytechnical Institute deserves some recognition VPI beat Kentucky in its opening game for the first time in 30-odd years. At the time Kentucky was ranked third in the country. Then they went on to beat Mississippi State, ranked No. 4. Yet in your coverage of the South, East, West, etc., VPI has hardly been mentioned.

BRUCE H. BANKS

Richmond

#### THE FUN OF IT

Sirs:

The spirit of competitive life forms at least part of what is loosely and collectively termed "the spirit of America," and Mrs. Don Van Rossen in her letter (*JW*) *Not Blame the Parents?* Dec. 17) defines and defends this spirit so well.

As a junior in high school, I am resigned to the fact that by virtue of not having participated to an appreciable degree in sports as a boy, I am and probably shall be shut out of vanity athletics in high school.

Having worked out and practiced three summers in succession in hopes of playing freshman, sophomore and junior basketball and freshman and sophomore football and having either ended up as a third- or fourth-string reserve or simply having been cut, I am discouraged; and not to the point of crying sour grapes or criticizing the athletic system.

My competitive and athletic spirit has not been dampened; on the contrary, it has been quickened, and I merely vent those energies through such activities as church-league basketball, intramural school programs, pickup football and basketball games and tennis. I enjoy my phys ed class much more than I

(continued)

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# 19TH HOLE

did previously, and I ride my bike practically every place I go.

Friends will come up to me and ask me, "Didn't you go out for basketball?" to which I answer, "Yes, but I was cut." Invariably I get a pseudosympathetic "That's too bad," or "You got gyped." The truth is, it isn't too bad, and I did not get gyped; I was simply found to be athletically inferior to other boys, due to any number of reasons, primarily inexperience. This judgment was passed by just and trained persons. What can I do about it? I can call up eight or 10 friends, get hold of a gym or outside court and play a good pickup game of basketball just for the fun of it.

L. R. MOOREHEAD

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sirs:

I am sick and tired of constantly reading articles on children and athletes and constantly hearing this equal-opportunity-to-play bit. The average or below-average player will never measure up to the good one no matter how much he plays or how hard he tries, so you must spend the time developing the skills of the player that is gifted. Yet year after year the parents' cry is the same, "Let them all play." Don't they realize that there are playgrounds and school gym classes where they can all play?

Florence, N.J.

JOHN OWEN

Sirs:

As one of those parents who applauded Mrs. Ross's highly articulate plea for less competitive athletic programs in the schools (*Open Letter to Dad Williams*, Nov. 12), I cannot sit back in the "arm's satisfaction" suggested by Mrs. Van Rossum and let her reply to Mrs. Ross go unanswered.

In attempting to equate mediocrity in the arts and sciences and in scholastic endeavors with athletic mediocrity, Mrs. Van Rossum fails to realize what should be most obvious: the difference in treatment and attitude on the part of both classmates and teachers toward these mediocre performers.

The child who fails to be chosen for give club, orchestra or the class play; the child who isn't a gifted artist or has no keen scientific bent is not made to feel less worthy as an individual. But all too often, if his performance in the gym or on the athletic field is only average or below, he is treated with something near contempt by his physical education instructor. Not surprisingly, in the lower grades this attitude is often contagious at the student level.

All the private lessons, all the encouragement and reassurance at home are of little value when the confidence and beginning skill thus acquired can be so easily dissipated by an overzealous school program.

I really do not feel that any intelligent

parent seeks to build up the average by tearing down the superior, as Mrs. Van Rossum intimates. But please, let our admiration for the superior athlete be tempered by our respect for the efforts of the just average. Those efforts so often mean so very much!

ELLEN G. SPERO

Baltimore

## RUGBY VS. FOOTBALL

Sirs:

Here is one voice out of the millions of fans who will reply to Rodney Kirkpatrick's letter denouncing protective pads in football (19TH HOLE, Dec. 10). After having played football for years, as well as Rugby under an Australian coach, I feel Mr. Kirkpatrick is trying to equate two sports as unlike as checkers and chess.

Rugby is a hard-hitting cross between basketball and field hockey; there is no line contact. Since the game is more or less continuous, most contact takes place in an "open-field" situation where the player can dump the ball and partially protect himself. Put pads on the players and the game would slow down to the point of shuffleboard.

In American football, however, the gear, as most people from sandlot kids to the pros know, reduces the number of injuries markedly. How many thousands of concussions, broken legs, arms, and so forth, occur in sandlot games because of lack of protective devices? People are not killed, if only for the reason that no one is foolish enough to drive without helmets and padding under a pile of belligerent 300-pound bulls.

Football is a game consisting of downs, not continuous play. A trapped halfback can only lateral to the rear, and many times must make a pathetic effort to hang on to the ball while being trampled. The way a ball-carrier is stopped in this man's game is by the tackle, unheard of in Rugby—except for a rather mild tapping sort of maneuver. True, some of America's sheeplike linemen would last about two minutes in an exhausting game of Aussieball, but how long would a line of Aussie defensemen last in a U.S. scrimmage?

JACK KISTNER

Port Angeles, Wash.

## NEW LEAGUE

Sirs:

I was thrilled with New Seabury's inclusion at the article *Pleasure Rules an Affair* (*Howl* Dec. 17). This coverage of our operation was succinct, to the point and, I believe, very appealing. However, one error did give us quite a shock and that was the mention that 10 houses are built thus far. The number 10 refers to the houses that are occupied this winter. There are 55 houses built or in the process of construction.

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